CHICAGO LEDGER

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From His Coffin Back to Life, Was the Strange Experience of James Mortimer in "The Mortimer Tangle"

Read What James Mortimer Did

CHICAGO LEDGER

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See Page 22 for This Week's "Brain Teasers"

What They Smile At in London

As Clipped by the Editor

HE WOULDN'T MIND IF IT SNOWED.

Lulu de Vere—But, Plantagenet, how could we marry on no income?

Lord Plantagenet Fitznoodle—No income! Why, my mamma allows me fifteen shillings a week, and what about your salary at the revue?

An Easy Explanation.

"I say, Stalker," he said, "you remember you told me you had hunted tigers in West Africa? Well, Captain Smith tells me there are no tigers there."

"Quite right, quite right," said Stalker, blandly, "I killed them all."—London Opinion.

And Then Several.

"What is considered a good score on the links?"

"Well, sir," replied the youthful caddie, solemnly, "most of the gents tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it gin'r'lly takes some more."—Windsor (London).

WHY BROWN GOT STILL MADDER.

Patron (retired margarine factor)—Now, Mr. Brown Madder, afore you starts, what d'yer reckon the most expensive color you've got?

Brown Madder—Ultramarine, sir; it costs a dollar an ounce.

Patron—Then put plenty on, Mr. Brown; spare no expense.

Just Two Kinds.

Ockendon—The world seems full of get-rich-quick people.

Parkinson—And they always seem to find sufficient get-poor-quick fools.—London Answers.

Eternal Youth.

Old Gentleman (chiding boy for picking up cigar end and smoking)—Throw it awa', laddie! Throw it awa'."

"Yus, an' let you pick it up when I'm gone—I don't fink!"—London Tit-Bits.

Circumstantial.

Drayton—I've never been ill in my life.

Mrs. Ellerker—Oh, indeed; then where was my husband last Tuesday night? He told me he was sitting up with you.—London Answers.

Natural Question.

Jimmie—Mother, who is that man with long hair who is waving a stick in front of all those soldiers?

Mother—He is the conductor, Jimmie.

"Oh, is he? Well, where do they keep the moterman?"—London Answers.

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Amorous Landlady—I've often wanted to kiss his pretty face, and now I can.

A Bit of Real Scotch.

Sandy, the farmer, had been staying with some friends for about a month, and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they called at a wayside inn for a drink.

As his host was about to pay for it Sandy stopped him.

"No, na," he said. "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer house for a month, and ye've treated me to the theaters, and cab fares, and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll hae na mair of it. We'll toss for this one."—London Telegraph.

How She Took It.

Charlie—Do you think marriages are made in Heaven?

Edyth—I don't know. Perhaps they are, but I'd be satisfied with one made in—or, that is, of course, I was thinking that—oh, Charlie, do you really mean it?

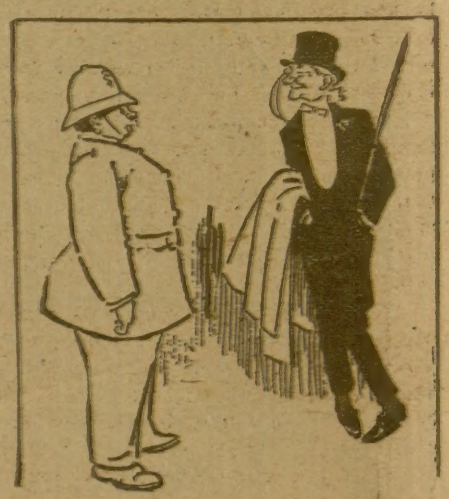
Misunderstood.

A woman boarded a bus with a baby in her arms, and when asked for her fare she produced half a crown. Badly wanting change, the conductor asked her if she had anything smaller.

She looked at the baby, smiled sweetly and said:

"No, you see, I've only been married a year."—London Tit-Bits.

"I shay that no gentleman's 'runk who can cross the road!"



Bobby—Better get home, sir. You're drunk!

Binks—It's a liesh—a—n liesh; but I'm no' goin' to wast' my time arguin' with a couple of silly coppers over it!

Disappointed.

There was a load of bricks on the football ground in anticipation of some reconstruction work.

An aged supporter of the club came up one day, eyed the bricks, and knit his brows as if in deep thought.

When the secretary asked him what he was thinking about, he said quietly:

"Why didn't you get 'arf-bricks? They would have been much handier."

"Handier?" echoed the secretary. "Why, man, we couldn't build a pavilion with half-bricks!"

"Oh, a pavilion!" sighed the old man. "I thought they were for the referee!"—London Answers.

She—I suppose if another pretty girl came along you'd soon forget all about me.

He—Nonsense! What do I care about looks? You suit me all right.

The Mortimer Tangle

By Wilder Anthony

JAMES MORTIMER lay still and looked about him curiously. He was a practical man. Any man who has acquired a fortune of ten millions or more in something less than twenty years of business life is apt to be practical, and Mortimer had done this. He was no visionary. Consequently, the fact that he was lying in a coffin did not seem to him to prove that he was dead; it merely gave him food for some rather extraordinary thoughts. That he was really in a coffin, the evidence of his senses proved beyond question. His posture—flat upon his back with his hands crossed over his stomach—the small hard pillow under his head, the close confinement of his entire person, the dim light and the profound silence, formed a mass of evidence impossible to controvert, and, after the first shock of surprise, he accepted it quietly.

But dead—no; on the contrary, he was very much alive; he even felt hungry and a little cold. By the dim light which emanated from a heavily shaded lamp he could see that he lay in his own chamber on the second floor of the house he had built some years ago. With the exception of the coffin and a slightly unusual arrangement of the furniture, all the objects that met his gaze were familiar ones; there was nothing, really, to cause him the slightest feeling of apprehension. Therefore, he simply lay still and turned his mind to those events which had immediately preceded his present awakening.

He had been ill, he remembered, suffering from stomach trouble of some kind, and for a week he had been confined to his bed. The last date of which he had any recollection was the 16th of the month; a glance at the calendar over his dresing-stand showed him instantly that its leaves had been turned forward to the 18th, and, reasoning from this, he concluded that he must have been unconscious for at least one full day and night.

"Case of suspended animation, or something like that, I suppose," he thought. "Newman (Dr. Newman was his physician), that fool Newman has pronounced me dead, evidently. Dead!" He grinned to himself. "I'll show him how dead I am. It'll be some shock when I walk out upon 'em. H'm! Must be careful, tho. Mona is not the nervous sort, but a thing like that might scare any one half to death. As it is, I suppose she's pretty badly upset, poor child."

He lapsed into a reverie for a moment, thinking of the beautiful young wife he had married only a couple of years ago, the wife who was now, so far as she herself knew at least, his widow, and his face grew tender. "No," he decided, "I mustn't frighten her—I must find some way to break the news gently. It's very late, almost midnight, I'd better wait till morning. In the meantime I'll just get out of this confounded box and go to bed."

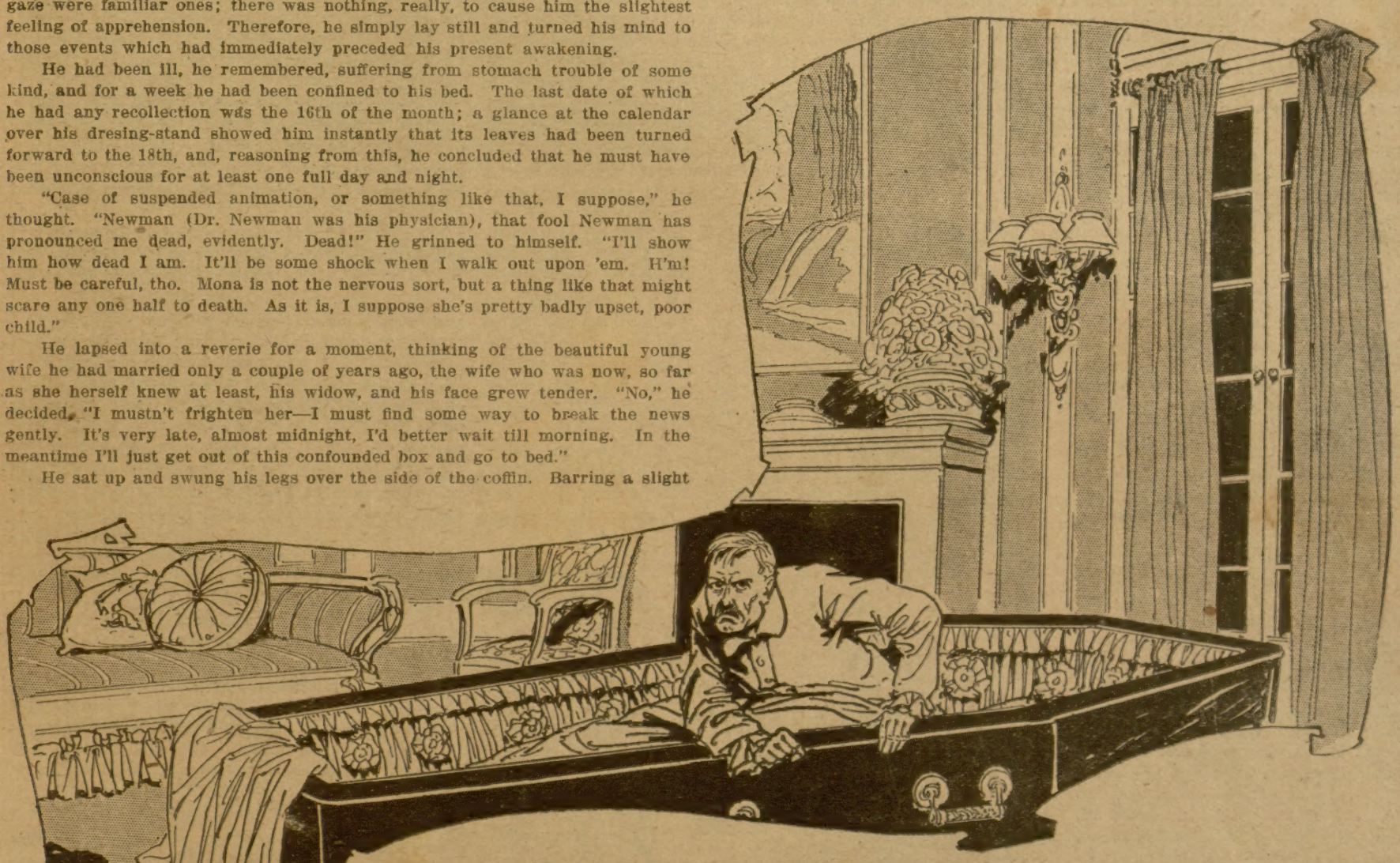
He sat up and swung his legs over the side of the coffin. Barring a slight feeling of giddiness, which soon wore off, he found himself feeling suprisingly fit—his recent illness seemed to have disappeared completely. With the exception of a ravenous appetite and a strong craving for tobacco, he was not uncomfortable—but the cold! He was, he now realized for the first time, very scantily clad; evidently the final preparations for his burial had not been completed, and his first act after gaining his feet was to enter a closet and wrap himself up in a warm bathrobe. Then he crossed the room to the cabinet in which he kept his smoking materials, selected and lighted a cigarette, and sat down beyond the range of the draft room from an open window, which, since the night was mild, he did not bother to close. His present thoughts were far too deep for trivialities.

"Gad!" he chuckled to himself, "what a pickle! Wonder if anything just like it ever happened to a man before? Dead, eh! I'll show 'em how dead I am. Thank God, I came to life before they got me under ground. Newman, the fool! Highest priced medical man in town, too. Ought to know his business. Idiot!" He stretched himself and yawned luxuriously.

"Funny thing I should feel sleepy," he muttered, "after the rest I must have had. But I do—very. Sleepy and hungry. Gad! I'm hungry as a wolf. Then, why not eat? It's late—they're all asleep—I know my way to the kitchen. I'll do it, by George! Must be careful, tho. If any of those damfool servants should happen to be up and spot me trailing thru the halls they'd go into hysterics, sure."

Chuckling at the mental picture his thoughts called up, the millionaire thrust his feet into a pair of slippers and softly opened the door of the room. The hall outside was dark, but he knew his way perfectly, and, without switching on the lights, he started for the stairs. On the soft rugs his slippered feet made no noise and he reached the head of the stairway as silently as the ghost he would most surely be taken for should any one chance to see him.

He was in the act of descending, when he noticed that the door of Mrs. Mortimer's boudoir was ajar and that the room itself was lighted up; at almost the same instant he heard a low murmur of voices. Still mindful of the fact that he must not be seen unannounced, but a little puzzled that his wife should receive a visitor at so late an hour, Mortimer shrank back against the wall and sidled into the deeper gloom caused by the shadow of a projecting partition. From this vantage point, as he had expected, he could see thru the partly open door, and when he beheld the occupants of the boudoir he caught his breath in one great gulp.



"Dead, 'Eh? I'll Show 'Em How Dead I Am!"

DISTINCTLY visible thru the narrow aperture, a man and a woman were seated facing each other on a low divan. One was Dr. Alonzo Newman, Mortimer's physician and friend of some years standing; the other was Mona Mortimer, his wife. Thus far the sight, tho—especially if one considered the hour—not exactly conventional, might have been explained; the thing that caused Mortimer to stagger back against the wall and his face to turn a chalky white was that Dr. Newman was holding Mrs. Mortimer's hands. In fact, at the precise moment in which the husband looked in upon them, the two people were engaged in a very intimate conversation indeed; their heads were unnecessarily close together, and they were talking in subdued tones.

For perhaps a minute, Mortimer did not move a muscle, he simply stared, while his heart within him slowly turned to ice. Then his features settled into a stern, grim mask, and he leaned forward to listen.

"You must go now, Lon," said Mrs. Mortimer, drawing a little away from the physician. "Just think what the world would say if your visit here at such an hour—especially just now—were known. My reputation would be ruined."

"Ruined," Dr. Newman laughed softly. "Nonesense, Mona. You're too beautiful—much too beautiful. Haven't you learned yet that a woman as beautiful as you are may do anything with impunity?"

"Perhaps; but I prefer not to make the test," she rejoined, looking at him lazily. "Besides, I'm tired. Really, you know, you shouldn't have come here at all like this, Lon. It's—it's hardly decent so soon after Jim's death. Just think how he'd feel if he could see us. He—cared for me, and he was good to me; too good, I'm afraid. He deserves better of me than—than this."

Newman laughed again, but he said nothing as he took a cigarette from a silver case and lighted it. She watched him for an instant with thoughtful eyes.

"Really," she went on, at length, "I mean it, Lon. You must go—at once. So soon after Jim—after what has happened I shouldn't receive visitors at all. You know that yourself. We must wait at least a decent interval. Then—perhaps——"

"A decent interval. What do you call a decent interval, Mona?" he asked, blowing smoke rings into the still air. "To me, all the time that passes away from you is endless; I have already waited ages. Now that Fortune has at last seen fit to smile, now that Mortimer is dead, you talk of waiting. Bosh! Why can't we go——"

"Hush!" Mrs. Mortimer looked up quickly. "You mustn't say that, Lon. I won't listen. It—somehow it seems almost sacrilegious. It's true, I suppose, that you've waited long; but think of me. My position, Lon. Some day you will come to me again, perhaps; but not now, not now."

"Very well, dear, if you must have it that way. I understand how you feel. You're uneasy tonight; that's natural. After tomorrow—after the funeral—you'll feel differently."

"We must go away, Lon. I can't remain here."

"Of course!" He smiled at her assuringly. "I can easily arrange my practice; perhaps we'll travel for a year. By that time everything will have blown over. Time heals all wounds, you know, and in this instance the wound is not too deep. You have nothing to regret, Mona. Life is before you—before us. We'll spend it in a way that will make you happy."

"I hope so. But you mustn't think of your practice, Lon. We shall have plenty. I inherit everything under the will, you know; only a few thousands go to Phillip Mortimer."

"So I've heard. Phillip is a very rich man himself. It's fortunate, however, that there is a will. Under our laws, if James had died intestate, you would inherit nothing; Phillip would get all. But we needn't consider that. Thank Heaven! I have enough of my own. You're right, Mona, I must go now. It is late—deuced late."

Newman tossed his cigarette end into the grate, and they both rose to their feet, moving aside a little so that they were no longer visible thru the narrow opening of the door.

Mortimer stood still for an instant. His face was ghastly. At first, unable to believe the evidence of his own senses, he had been like a man in a trance; each second he had half expected to awake and find that it was all a dream. Then, as full realization of the perfidy of his friend and the woman he had loved and cherished came to him, he began to seethe with a terrible rage. On the verge of dashing into the boudoir and confronting the pair, he held himself back. After all, even in this moment of stunning shock, he was an eminently practical man; he did not lose his head—he mastered his rage—and when he had done so, he began to smile—a cold, mirthless, terrible smile. They'd play with him—make a fool of him, would they? They thought he was dead—gone—done with forever—fit only to be cast aside like a worn-out shoe. Even before his body was cold, his wife had turned to another man for comfort; already she was planning what she would do with the fortune he had left her. Planning was she? Planning! He'd show her—he'd show them both, by Gad!

Still smiling horribly, Mortimer turned and stole quickly and noiselessly back the way he had come. Like a somber ghost in his gray bathrobe, he hurried along the hall and did not pause until he had reached his own room again. Here, he quickly divested himself of the bathrobe and hung it up in the closet; then he climbed back into the coffin and stretched himself out. He meant to run no risk of premature discovery. He knew that he had the remainder of the night ahead of him, and he was waiting until the house was quiet before he began to act. He did not have to wait long.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour after he reached the room he heard a faint sound of footfalls outside and the door opened softly. His wife stood framed in the opening. For a moment she peered within, then she stepped across the threshold and approached the coffin. Like marble, Mortimer lay in his uncomfortable bed; he even held his breath, as he wondered if the wild beating of his heart would betray him. But it did not, and luckily Mrs. Mortimer did not touch her husband's corpse; if she had its warmth would have given away the secret.

In fact, the woman's visit was merely a perfunctory one. She had simply looked in to see that everything was all right before she retired for the night, and she did not remain over a couple of minutes. Convinced that her husband was dead, she merely glanced at his still figure for a second, let her eyes rove casually around the room, and stepped out into the hall. She never guessed that the form beneath the shrouding sheet, seemingly so still, was being held motionless only by the exercise of all the will power its proprietor possessed. For a moment Mortimer came perilously near springing to his feet and facing her, but he conquered the desire, even as he had conquered his former impulse to rush upon her when she was talking with Newman.

FOR another fifteen minutes, after she left him alone, the man lay perfectly still, planning the move he had in mind, and giving his wife time to get well beyond earshot. At last, satisfied that the coast was clear, he sprang to his feet and tore off the scanty garments in which he was clothed. Then he dressed himself in an old suit taken from the back of his wardrobe—a suit which he had not worn for months, and which, he felt sure, nobody would miss—and pulled a soft felt hat well down over his eyes. His linen, he knew, would not betray him, for he owned so many articles of this sort that a few more or less would never be remarked upon. When he had filled his pockets with cigars and cigarettes, he rolled the garments he had worn in the coffin into a bundle, and, with this under his arm, left the room for the last time.

Reaching the lower floor without mishap, he turned into the library. Here he deliberately lighted a shaded reading lamp and opened a little safe which was set into the wall at the end of one of the bookcases. From this he removed a considerable sum of money, which, unknown to his wife, he had happened to place there shortly before his illness, and a sealed envelope. Placing these articles in his pockets, he switched off the light and made his way to the back of the house. Five minutes later he stepped into a quiet side street and turned his face in the direction of the city.

"He's Gone!"

CHAPTER II.

THE DISCOVERY.

ON THE next morning Mrs. Mortimer slept late. She was by habit a tardy riser, and on this particular morning she felt irritable and out of sorts. Tho by no means nervous or in any sense delicate, she knew that the events of that day would try her fortitude to the utmost, and she meant to obtain all the preparation she could. The funeral of her late husband, scheduled for 3 o'clock that afternoon, would be a trying and unpleasant proceeding; under the circumstances, Mrs. Mortimer most heartily wished that she could keep away from it, but if she did, she knew what gossip would say, and a horror of gossip was her chief bugbear. Furthermore, altho she tried not to admit it even to herself, she was somewhat conscience-stricken by her behavior on the previous night, which, if—to be just—not exactly of her own seeking, she had not actually attempted to avoid. For a long time she had guessed the state of Dr. Newman's feeling toward her, but never until after her husband's death had she permitted him to declare himself, or hinted that his feeling was reciprocal. Now that she had done so, she could not help wondering if she had made a fool of herself.

She dressed and breakfasted in her boudoir in a very leisurely fashion, and it was after 10 o'clock before anything beyond her own thoughts came to disturb her habitual serenity. At that hour she heard sounds which informed her that the undertaker's assistant had arrived, and was being conducted to the death chamber by the butler. Since all detail of the funeral had already been arranged by the dead man's brother, Phillip Mortimer, and Dr. Newman, she had no reason or desire to see the man, and she had given orders that she herself should not be disturbed until just before the hour set for the funeral.

She was surprised, therefore, when there was a sound of hurried steps outside her door, and some one knocked hastily upon the door itself. In response to her rather sharp "Come in!" Prydor, the butler, precipitated himself into the room and stood panting before her.

For a little Mrs. Mortimer stared at the servant in astonishment, too profound for speech. Prydor had been a fixture in the Mortimer household for years. He was a man a little over middle age, tall and somewhat pompous-looking, with the expressionless face of the well-trained servant; never before had his mistress seen him show excitement of any kind. That he was excited now, however, the most casual observer could not have failed to note. His portly figure shook all over, his eyes rolled, and he kept wetting his lips with his tongue. Every inch of him spoke of fear, terrible fear, fear that was mingled with consternation, fear that in some occult manner instantly communicated itself to his mistress, and as she stared at the man Mrs. Mortimer's cheeks blanched.

"Well," she demanded sharply, "what is it, Prydor?"

Prydor swallowed hastily and made a desperate attempt to pull himself together. "It's the master, m'am," he gulped in a hoarse voice that was totally unlike his usual well-modulated tones. "I—we—we've just entered the room, m'am. The undertaker's man has come, you know, and the master, m'am. He's gone!"

"Gone!" Mrs. Mortimer sprang to her feet and glared at the butler with widening eyes. Tho his manner had already prepared her for something startling, this news was beyond anything of which she had dreamed. "Gone!" she repeated. "What do you mean, Prydor? Are you crazy?"

"N-no, m'am," Prydor took the question literally and answered it in the same manner. "At least, I don't think so—I'm—I'm fairly done in, m'am, if you'll pardon the expression. But he's gone, m'am; the coffin is empty."

For a second or two longer Mrs. Mortimer continued to regard the servant incredulously; then she caught up her skirts in one hand and flew out of the room and along the hall to her husband's room. Pushing by the undertaker, who stood outside the door fumbling with his hat and looking as much perturbed as a man of his somber calling can look, she darted into the chamber and peered into the coffin. For an instant she stood thus, seeing nothing but the white satin interior of the casket, totally unaware of anything, except that the dead man had vanished; then, with a low moan, she collapsed as she stood; just crumpled down in her tracks and rolled gently over on her side. For the first time in her life Mrs. Mortimer had fainted.

For perhaps a minute the undertaker's assistant gazed at her stupidly, seemingly unable to compre-

(Continued on Page 14.)

For a Minute the Revolvers Spat Harmlessly in the Remaining Patchwork of Moonshine and Shadow.

The Honor of the Road

By E. W. Hornung

SERGEANT CAMERON was undressing for bed when he first heard the voices thru the weather-board walls; in less than a minute there was a knock at his door.

"Here's Mr. Hardcastle from Rosanna, sir. He says he must see you at once."

"The deuce he does! What about?"

"He says he'll only tell you; but he's ridden over in three hours, and he looks like the dead."

"Give him some whisky, Tyler, and tell him I'll be down in two ticks."

So saying, the gray-bearded sergeant of the New South Wales Mounted Police tucked his nightgown into his cord breeches, slipped into his tunic, and hastened to the parlor which served as courtroom on occasion, buttoning as he went. Mr. Hardcastle had a glass to his lips as the sergeant entered. He was a very fine man of 40, and his massive frame was crowned with a countenance as handsome as it was open and bold; but at a glance it was plain that he was both shaken and exhausted, and in no mood to hide either his fatigue or his distress. Sergeant Cameron sat down on the other side of the oval table with the faded cloth; the younger constable had left the room when Hardcastle called him back.

"Don't go, Tyler," said he. "You may as well both hear what I've got to say. It's—it's Stingaree!!"

The name was echoed in incredulous undertones.

"But he's down in Vic," urged the sergeant. "He's been giving our chaps a devil of a time down there!"

"He's come back. I've seen him with my own eyes. But I'm beginning at the wrong end first," said the squatter, taking another sip and then sitting back to survey his hearers. "You know old Duncan, my overseer?"

The sergeant nodded.

"Of course you know him," the other continued, "and so does the whole back-country, and did even before he won this fortune in the Melbourne Cup sweep. I suppose you've heard how he took the news? He was fuddling himself from his own bottle on Sunday afternoon when the mail came; the first I knew of it was when I saw him sitting with his letter in one hand and throwing out the rest of his grog with the other. Then he told us he had won the first prize of thirty thousand, and that he had made up his mind to have his next drink at his own place in Scotland. He left us that afternoon to catch the coach and go down to Sydney for his money. He ought to have been back this evening before sundown."

The sergeant put in his word:

"That he ought, for I saw him come off the coach and start for the station as soon as they'd run up the horse he left behind him at the pub. I wondered what had brought him, if he was so set on getting back to the old country."

"I could tell you" said Hardcastle, after some little hesitation, "and I may as well. Poor old Duncan was the most generous of men, and nothing would serve him but that every soul on Rosanna should share more or less in his good fortune. I am ashamed to tell you how much he spoke of pressing on myself. You have probably heard that one of his peculiarities was that he would never take payment by check, like other people? I believe it was because he had knocked down too many checks in his day. In any case, we used to call him Hard Cash Duncan on Rosanna; and I am very much afraid that when you saw him he must have had the whole of his thirty thousand pounds upon him, much of it in the hardest form of cash."

"But, what has happened, Mr. Hardcastle?"

"The very worst," said Hardcastle, stooping to sip. The three heads came closer together across the faded table-cloth. "There was no sign of him at 7; he ought to have been with us before 6. We had done our best to make it an occasion, and it seemed that the dinner would be spoiled. So at even young Evans, my store-keeper, went off at a gallop to meet him, and at twenty-five past he came galloping back leading a riderless horse. It was the one you saw Duncan riding this afternoon. There was blood upon the saddle. I found it. And within another hour we had found the poor old boy himself, dead and cold in the middle of the track, with a bullet thru his heart."

The squatter's voice trembled with an emotion that did him honor in his hearer's eyes; and the gray-bearded sergeant waited a little before asking questions.

"What makes you think it is Stingaree?" he inquired, at length.

"I tell you I saw him on the run, with my own eyes, this morning. I passed him in one of my paddocks, as close as I am to you, and asked if he was looking for the homestead. He answered that he was only riding thru, and we neither of us stopped."

"Yet you knew all the time that it was Stingaree?"

"No; to be quite honest," Hardcastle, "I never dreamed of it at the time. But now I am quite positive on the point. He hadn't his eye-glass in his eye, but it was dangling on its cord all right; and there were the boots and breeches that one knows all about, if one has never seen them for oneself. Yet, I own it didn't dawn on me just then. I happened to be thinking of the stations round about, and wondering if they were as burnt up as we are, and when I met this swell I simply took him for a new chum of one or other of them."

"There had been robbery, of course?"

"An absolute clearance," said Hardcastle. "The valise had been cut to ribbons with a knife, and its other contents were strewed all about; a pocket-book we found still bulging from the roll of notes which had been taken out. I waited beside him while Evans went back for the buggy, and when they started to take him in I rode on to you."

"We'll ride back with you at once," said the sergeant, "and find you a fresh horse if your own has had enough. Run up the lot, Tyler, and Mr. Hardcastle can take his choice. It seems clear enough," continued Cameron, as the trooper disappeared. "But this is a new departure for Stingaree; it's the very thing that everybody said he would never do."

"And yet it's the logical climax of his career; it might have happened long ago, but it's not his first blood as it is," argued Hardcastle, when he had drained his glass. "Didn't he wing one of you down in Victoria the other day? Your bushranger is bound to come to it sooner or later. He may much prefer not to shoot; but he has only to get up against a man of his own caliber, as resolute and as well armed as himself, to have no choice in the matter. Poor old Duncan was the very type; he would never have given way. In fact, we found him with his own revolver fast in his hand, and a finger frozen to the trigger, but not a chamber discharged."

"Yes? Then that settles it, and it must have been foul play," cried Cameron, owning a doubt in its dismissal. "And we mustn't lose a single minute in getting on this blackguard's tracks."

YET it was midnight before the little cavalcade set out upon a ride of over thirty miles, for arrangements had to be made for a telegram to be sent to the Glenranald coroner first thing in the morning, and to insure this it was necessary to disturb the postmaster, who occupied one of the three weather-board dwellings which constituted the road-side hamlet of Clear Corner. A round moon topped the sand-hills as the trio rode away; it was near it almost dazzling zenith when they reined up at the scene of the murder. This was at a point where the sandy track ran thru a belt of scrub, and the sergeant got off to examine the ground with Hardcastle, while Tyler mounted guard in the saddle. But nothing of importance was discovered by the pair on foot, and nothing seen or heard by their mounted comrade.

They found the station still astir and faintly aglow in the veiled daylight of the moon. A cluster of the men stood in a glare at the door of their hut; the travelers' hut betrayed the like symptoms of excitement; at the kitchen door were more men with pannikins, and odd glimpses of a firelit, white-capped face within. But on the broad veranda sat two young men with their backs to a closed and darkened window. And behind the window lay all that remained of an elderly man, whose brown, gnarled face was scarcely recognizable by the newcomers in its strange, smooth pallor, but his grizzled beard weirdly familiar and still crisp with lingering life.

The coroner arrived in some thirty hours, which had brought forth nothing new; his jury was drawn from the men's hut and rabbiters' tents; and after a prolonged but inconclusive investigation, the inquest was adjourned for a week. But the seven days were as barren as the first, and a verdict against some person unknown a foregone result. This did not satisfy the many who were positive that they knew the person; for Stingaree had been seen a hundred miles lower down, doubtless on his way back to Victoria, and with his appearance altered in a telltale manner. But the coroner thought he knew better than anybody else, and had his way, notwithstanding the manifest feeling on the long veranda where he held his court.

So jurors and spectators drifted back to hut and tent and neighboring station, the coroner started in his buggy for Glenranald, and last of all the police departed, leading the horse which Hardcastle had ridden home from their barracks, and leaving him at peace once more with his two young men. But on the squatter the time had told; his table had been full to overflowing thru it all; and he sank into a long chair, a trifle grayer at the temples, a thought looser in his dress, as the pugarees of Cameron and Tyler finally fluttered out of sight.

"I think we might have a drink," he said with a wry smile to Evans, who fetched the decanter from the store; the jackeroo was called from a stable which had become Augean during the week, and the three were still mildly tippling

STINGAREE

Something About Him!

If a few years ago you had been fortunate enough to have taken a trip into Australia as Mr. Boyce, the publisher of the Ledger, is now doing, you would have found a country similar in certain ways to the West of our pioneer days, but a land in which the kangaroo took the place of the buffalo, the boomerang that of the bow and arrow. And with its edges criss-crossed like our early West by stage-coach lines, it had its famous bushrangers, desperate and fast-riding fellows who were likely to appear on any lonely road and force the stage-coach occupants to disgorge their wealth. There was Thunderbolt, Morgan, Ben Hall and Ned Kelly. And there was also Stingaree!

Stingaree, the daredevil of all the highwaymen. Stingaree, the Mysterious, who, it was said, was once a prominent Londoner. Stingaree, who loved music better than he loved his plunder. Stingaree, the embittered. Stingaree, who always robbed his victims with a monocle in his right eye. Stingaree, who had never killed a man. Stingaree, who was captured time and again, but whose superior cunning always found him his freedom. Stingaree, who, with his black-bearded mate, Howie, was seen in Victoria today and New South Wales tomorrow. Stingaree, who held a smiling contempt for the forces of Australia's law and order.

This was the man whose name, taken from that of a peculiar stinging fish, was a byword thruout Australia. And this was the man about whom E. W. Hornung has woven a series of five fascinating tales, showing the English people who make up the life of that little-known continent, as well as the strange American-like aspect of its wildernesses. They present in highly exciting action not only a series of stories about one of the most remarkable criminal careers of that part of the earth, but, better, portray for us a character. And a story which can do this difficult thing—make us know a man—whether he be good or bad—is always worth the printing.

Each story is complete in itself.

Each is a story of the famous Stingaree himself.

when the storekeeper came to his feet.

"Good Lord!" cried he. "I thought we'd seen the last of the plucky police!"

"You don't mean to say they're coming back?"

"I do; worse luck! Cameron, Tyler and some new joker in plain clothes."

Hardcastle finished his drink with a resigned smile, and stood on the veranda to receive the intruders.

"After all, it will stave off the reaction I began to feel the moment they had turned their backs," said he. "Well, well, well! I thought I'd just got rid of you fellows, and back you come like base coin!"

"You mustn't blame us," said the sergeant, first to dismount. "We couldn't know that Superintendent Cairns had been sent up from Sydney, much less that we should ride right into him in your horse-paddock!"

The squatter had stepped down from the veranda with polite alacrity.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Cairns," said he. "I only wish you had come before."

The creature in the plain clothes looked about him with a dry smile, and a sharp eye upon the younger men and the empty glasses, as he and the sergeant accompanied Hardcastle to the veranda, while Tyler took charge of the three horses. The fame of Cairns had traveled before him to Rosanna, but none had been prepared for a figure so weird or for a countenance so forbidding and malign. His manners were equally uncouth. He shook his bent head to decline refreshment; he pointedly ignored a generalization of Hardcastle's about the crime; and when he spoke, it was in a gratuitously satirical style of his own.

"May I ask, Mr. Hardcastle, if you are the owner or the manager of this lodge in a howling wilderness?"

"I'm sorry to say I am both."

"I appreciate the sorrow. I failed to discern a single green blade as I came along."

"We depend on salt-bush and the like."

"In spite of which, I believe, you have had several lean years?"

"There's no denying it."

"I am sorry to be one of so many intruders in such a season, Mr. Hardcastle, but I shall not trouble you long. I hope to take the murderer tonight."

"Stingaree?"

"Not quite so loud, please. Who else, should you suppose? You may be interested to hear that he has been in hiding on your run for several days, and so have I, within fairly easy reach of him. But he is not a man to be taken single-handed without further loss of life; so I intercepted you, sergeant, and now your are both enlightened. Tonight, with your assistance and that of your young colleague, I count upon a bloodless victory. But I should prefer you, Mr. Hardcastle, not to mention the matter to the very young men whom I noticed in your company on my arrival. Have I your promise to comply with my wishes on this point, and on any other which may arise in connection with the capture?"

And a steely glitter shot thru the beetling eyebrows; but Hardcastle had given his word before the request was rounded to that pedantic neatness which characterized the crabbed utterances of the round-shouldered dictator.

"That is well," he went on, "for now I can admit you both into my plan of campaign. Suppose we sit down here on the veranda, at the end farthest from any door. Be good enough to draw your chairs nearer mine, gentlemen. It might be dangerous if a fourth person heard me say that I had discovered the murderer's ill-gotten hoard!"

"Not you, sir!" cried Cameron.

"Good God!" exclaimed the squatter.

"The discoverer was not divine, and indeed no human being but myself," the bent man averred, turning with mischievous humor from one to the other of his astonished hearers. "Yes, there was more gold than I would have credited a sane Scotchman with carrying thru the wilds; but the bulk was in small notes, and the whole has been buried in the scrub close to the scene of the murder, doubtless to avoid at once the detection and the division of such unusual spoil."

"You are thinking of his mate?"

It was Cameron who had asked the question, but Mr. Hardcastle followed immediately with another.

"Did you remove the spoil?"

"My dear Mr. Hardcastle! How you must lack the detective instinct! Of course, I left everything as nearly as possible as I found it; the man camps on the spot, or very near it; he lights no fires and is careful to leave no marks, but I am more or less convinced of it. And that it where I shall take him tonight, or, rather, early tomorrow morning."

"I wish you could make it tonight," said Hardcastle, with a yawn that put a period to a pause of some duration.

"Why?" demanded the detective, raising open eyes for once.

"Because I've had a desperate week of it," replied Hardcastle, "and am dead with sleep."

The other carried his growing geniality to the length of an almost hearty laugh.

"My dear sir, do you suppose that I thought of taking you with us? No, Mr. Hardcastle, the risks of this sort of enterprise are for those who are paid to run them. And there is a risk; if we timed our attack too early or too late there would be bloodshed to a certainty. But at 2 o'clock the average man is fast asleep; at a quarter after 1, therefore, I start with Sergeant Cameron and Constable Tyler. That much is settled."

Hardcastle yawned again.

"I should like to have been with you, but there are compensations," said he. "I doubt if I shall even stay up to see you off."

"If you did you would sit up alone," returned the Superintendent. "I intend to turn in myself for three or four hours; and it will be in the face of all my wishes, sergeant, if you and Tyler do not do the same. No reason to tell him what a short night it's to be; it might prevent a young fellow like that from getting any sleep at all. Merely let it be arranged that we all turn in betimes in view of an early start; we three alone need know how early the start will be."

THEY had their simple dinner at half-past 7, when the detective took it on himself to entertain the party, and succeeded so well that the entertainment was continued on the veranda for the better part of another hour. Doubled up in his chair, abnormal, weird, he recounted in particular the exploits of Stingaree with a zest only equaled by his confident undertaking to avenge the death of Robert Duncan before another day was out; all listened in a rapt silence, and the younger men were duly disappointed when the party broke up prematurely between 9 and 10. But they also had played their part in a fatiguing week; by the later hour all were in their rooms, and before very long Rosanna Station lay lighted only by the full white moon of New South Wales.

Cameron wondered if it could possibly be 2 o'clock while Tyler sat up insensate with the full weight of his first sleep, when their chief crept into the double-bedded room in which the two policemen had been put. He owned himself before his time by an hour and more, but explained that he had an idea which had only struck him as he was about to fall asleep.

"If we hunt for the fellow in the dark," said he, "we may give him the alarm before we come on him. But if we go now there is at least a chance that we may find his fire to guide us. I am aware I said he wouldn't light one there, but everybody knows that Stingaree uses a spirit-lamp. In any case it's a chance, and with a desperate man like that we can't afford to give the ghost of a chance away."

The sergeant dressed without more ado, as did his subordinate on learning the nature of their midnight errand; meanwhile the disturber of slumbers was gone to the horse-yard to start saddling. The others followed in a few minutes. And there was the horse-yard overflowing with moonshine, but empty alike of man and beast.

"I wonder what's got him?" murmured the bewildered sergeant uneasily.

"Old Harry, for all I care!" muttered the other. "I'm no such nuts on him, if you ask me. There's a bit too much of him for my taste."

In his secret breast the sergeant entertained a similar sentiment, but he was too old an officer to breathe disaffection in the ear of his subaltern. He contented himself with a mild expression of his surprise at the conduct of the Sydney authorities in putting a "towny" over his head without so much as a word of notice.

And such a "towny"!" echoed Tyler. "One you never heard of in your life before, and never will again!"

"Speak for yourself!" rejoined Cameron, irritated at the exaggeration of their case. "I have heard of him ever since I joined the force."

"Well, he's a funny joker to have shoved over us, a blooming little hunchback like that."

"I always heard that he was none the worse for what he couldn't help, and now I can understant, "for he's not such a hunch——"

The men looked at each other in the moonlight, and the ugly word was never finished. A dozen hoofs were galloping upon them, their thunder muffled by the sandy road, and into the tank of moonshine came two horses, hounded by the detective bareback on the third.

"Some one left the slip-rails down, and they were all over the horse-paddock," he panted. "But I took a bridle and managed to catch one, and it was easy enough to run up the other two."

But even Constable Tyler thought the more of their misshapen leader for the feat.

There was now no time to be lost, for it approached midnight, but the trio were soon cantering thru the horse-paddock neck-and-neck, and the new day found them at the farther gate. The moon still poured unbroken brilliance upon that desert world of sandy stretches tufted with salt-bush and erratically overgrown with scrub. The shadow of the gate was as another gate lying ready to be hung; for each particular wire in the fence there was a thin black stripe upon the ground. The three passed thru, and came in quick

(Continued on Page 16.)

AN OLD FAVORITE

A Poem That Has Grown Yellow In Many Scrap Books.

One Each Week — Selection No. 10

RATTLIN' JOE'S PRAYER

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

Jist pile on some more o' them pine knots,
An' squat yoursel's down on this skin,
An', Scotty, let up on yer growlin'—
The boys are all tired o' yer chin.
Alleghany, jist pass round the bottle,
An' give the lads all a square drink,
An' as soon as yer settled I'll tell ye
A yarn as 'll please ye, I think.

'Twas the year eighteen hundred an' sixty,
A day in the bright month o' June,
When the Angel o' Death from the Diggin's
Snatched "Monte Bill"—known as McCune.
Wal, Bill was a favorite among us,
In spite o' the trade that he had,
Which war gamblin'; but—don't you forget it—
He of'en made weary hearts glad;
An', pards, while he lay in that coffin,
Which we hewed from the trunk o' a tree,
His face war as calm as an angel's,
An' white as an angel's could be.

An' thar's war the trouble commenced, pards,
Thar war no gospel-sharps in the camps,
An' Joe said: "We can't drop him this way,
Without some directions or stamps."
Then up spoke old Sandy McGregor:
"Look'ee yar, mates, I'm reg'lar dead stuck,
I can't hold no hand at religion,
An' I'm 'feared Bill's gone in out o' luck.
If I knowed a darn thing about prayin',
I'd chip in an' say him a mass;
But I ain't got no show in the layout,
I can't beat the game, so I pass."

Rattlin' Joe war the next o' the speakers,
An' Joe war a friend o' the dead;
The salt water stood in his peepers,
An' these are the words as he said:
"Mates, ye know as I ain't any Christian,
An' I'll gamble the good Lord don't know
That thar lives sich a rooster as I am;
But thar once war a time, long ago,
When I war a kid; I remember,
My old mother sent me to school,
To the little brown church every Sunday,
Whar they said I was dumb as a mule.
An' I reckon I've nearly forgotten
Purty much all thet ever I knew,
But still, if ye'll drop to my racket,
I'll show ye jist what I kin do.

"Jist hand me them cards off the rack;
"Now, I'll show you my Bible," said Joseph—
I'll convince ye thet this are a Bible,"
An' he went to work shufflin' the pack.
He spread out the cards on the table,
An' begun kinder pious-like: "Pards,
If ye'll jist cheese yer racket an' listen,
I'll show ye the pra'ar-book in cards.

"The 'ace,' that reminds us of one God.
The 'deuce,' of the Father an' Son,
The 'tray,' of the Father an' Son, Holy Ghost,
For, ye see, all them three are but one.
The 'four-spot' is Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John,
The 'five-spot,' the virgins who trimmed
Their lamps while yet it was light of the day,
And the five foolish virgins who sinned.
The 'six-spot'—in six days the Lord made the world,
The sea and the stars in the heaven;
He saw it war good w'at He made, then He said,
I'll jist go the rest on the 'seven.'
The 'eight-spot' is Noah, his wife an' three sons,
An' Noah's three sons had their wives;
God loved the hull mob, so bid 'em emb-ark—
In the freshet He saved all their lives.
The nine war the lepers of biblical fame,
A repulsive an' hideous squad—
The 'ten' are the holy commandments, which came
To us perishin' creatures from God.
The 'queen' war of Sheba in old Bible times,
The 'king' represents old King Sol.
She brought in a hundred young folks, gals an' boys,
To the King in his government hall.
They were all dressed alike, an' she axed the old boy
(She'd put up his wisdom as bosh)
Which war boys an' which gals. Old Sol. said: 'By Joe,
How dirty their hands! Make 'em wash!'
An' then he showed Sheba the boys only washed
Their hands and a part o' their wrists,
While the gals jist went up their elbows in suds.
Sheba weakened an' shook the king's fists.
Now, the 'knave,' that the Devil, an', God, ef ye please,
Jist keep his hands off'n poor Bill.
An' now, lads, jist drop on yer knees for a while
Till I draw, and perhaps I kin fill;
An' hevin' no Bible, I'll pray on the cards,
Fur I've showed ye they're all on the squar',
An' I think God 'll cotton to all that I say,
If I'm only sincere in the pra'ar.
Jist give him a córner, good Lord—not on stocks,
Fur I ain't such a durned fool as that,
To ax ye fur anything worldly fur Bill,
Kase ye'd put me up then fur a flat.
I'm lost on the rules o' yer game, but I'll ax
Fur a seat fur him back o' the throne,
And I'll bet my hull stack thet the boy'll behave
If yer angels jist lets him alone.
Thar's nuthin' bad bout him unless he gets riled—
The boys 'll all back me in that—
But if any one treads on his corns, then you bet
He'll fight at the drop o' the hat.
Jist don't let yer angels run over him, Lord,
Nor shut off all to once on his drink;
Break him in kinder gentle an' mild on the start,
An he'll give ye no trouble, I think.
An' couldn't ye give him a pack of old cards,
To amuse himself once in a while?
But I warn'ye right hyar, not to bet on his game,
Or he'll get right away with yer pile.
An' now, Lord, I hope thet ye've tuck it all in,
An' listened to all thet I've said.
I know that my prayin' is jist a bit thin,
But I've done all I kin for the dead.
An' I hope I hain't troubled yer Lordship too much—
So I'll cheese it axin' again
Thet ye won't let thé 'knave' get his grip on poor Bill.
Thet's all, Lord—yours truly—Amen."

The Battle of the Giants

By Philip Duffield Stong

The First Installment Condensed

This story is about a miners' strike in the Missabe Range of the famous Northern iron producing regions, which have so often inspired the writers of fiction and frequently furnished exciting dramas of real life that have been announced in bold letters on the first pages of newspapers.

DAME INGEBORG'S "Missabe House," at all times the favorite abode of all miners this buxom hostess can sleep and feed, figured prominently in all that happened in this interesting account of the Battle of the Giants. Her boarders comprised men from nearly all the world's civilized nations—Finns, Slovaks, Austrians, Norsemen, Italians, with a lesser number of Englishmen, Irishmen and Americans. At times, too, a Chinaman or an Indian were given welcome and shelter there. Nearly all of these men were members of one or other of the three factions that seemed to take turns in parading their grievances against the mine owners. Particularly active, from time to time, were the Finnish clan, the Reds (or Wobblies), and the Unionists, the latter being members of regularly organized bodies not unlike other labor unions.

ELMER STEEL, a man of mystery and an American by birth, came one night and paid Dame Ingeborg for a month's board in advance. That very night he had saved the life of

MR. HALDEN, a mine owner, who had been attacked near one of the pits by three murderous miners, believed to be of the Red element. Altho far from being a giant in stature—his weight being not much over 130—Steel proved that he was a man of wonderful strength and more than clever with his fists. However, in his struggle with the three would-be assassins, Steel received a serious cut in his side, one of his adversaries being armed with a wicked knife.

"CHIEF FIREWATER," the big Indian miner, whose real name was little known and seldom spoken, viewed Steel's act in rescuing the mine owner with characteristic suspicion, fearing the newcomer might be in the service of Halden as spy, bodyguard or strikebreaker, a fear in which some of the other miners—especially the radicals—were quick to share. Anyway, Steel was not a welcome member of the Missabe House "Stove Corner Club."

ELSA HALDEN became Steel's nurse at her father's luxurious home, where the mysterious stranger was taken to recover from his wound. Her gentle ministrations and oft-expressed sympathy soon won Steel's love for the charming girl, a secret which he kept locked within his romantic and music-loving self.

MRS. HALDEN, Elsa's mother, a woman of intelligence and refinement, at some remote time had been shockingly disfigured by vitriol, or some other powerful acid, which a striking miner dashed into her face. Steel was awed by the condition of her face, but charmed by her beautiful hair, brilliant eyes and gentle, motherly manners.

PAUL DUBBEL, a special policeman, and Mike O'Hare, a mine guard, left Halden's employ when a carload of strikebreakers—"hard-boiled eggs"—arrived at the scene of trouble. They, with the Indian, bemoaned the apparent fact that Steel was in reality a paid henchman of the mine owner and a traitor to the miners. "Yet, what a leader he would be if he was only on the side of the strikers!"

"What makes you think so?" asked Steel, as he stepped out from his place of concealment.

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

"HI 'AD it figgered hout all the faced little daughter of 'Alden's faced little daugher of 'Alden's 'ad wamped you," English Harry said, to Steel, when the "mystery man" had recovered from his wound. "Hi knew 'as 'ow you was too stright to turn for filthy money, an' I just doped it that w'y."

Steel had explained his absence at some length and the fact that he had not gone over to the enemy assured the men, without his stating it in so many words, that he was with them. At Harry's words, however, he was silent, while a certain short scene in his life was gone over again.

"I'm going, Elsa—I'm sorry I can't stay and fight with your father, but his fight isn't mine," Steel had said.

"Oh, but don't you see he's right—can't you understand?"

Steel smiled gravely. "Yes, I do understand, and that's why I'm going—going to——" he broke off abruptly. "Elsa, whatever happens, promise you won't think hardly of me. Remember, I've seen a lot of life, and my sympathies and understanding are—shall we say, a little more mature and experienced than yours? Being where you are you'll not hear well of me, but think always that I am acting honestly with my conceptions of the right—that's pretty stale, isn't it?"

She looked into his eyes steadily for a few moments, and when she looked away she seemed satisfied.

"I know you'll never do anything you think isn't square," she finally told him.

"Believe that!" he said quickly, "please believe that always, please, for I think—I have thought—a great deal of you, Elsa; I would rather please you than any one in the world, if it were possible." He turned and fled rather abruptly, and did not see the tears gather in her eyes, and the little smile that oddly enough, played at her mouth. He had said more than he intended to, but he feared that this was their last conversation.

So he left his Eden, and more unfortunate than Adam, his Eve. Halden had not asked him to join him, but he knew that he would have been more than welcome, and Elsa had not tried to conceal her wish that he would join her father; her desire had thrilled him a little at first, but then he thought she might have desired as much from any good friend. She had not pressed him very warmly, but it was sufficient that she had asked it—he was not the man to be coaxed and cajoled, and undoubtedly she had seen that, even if she had been the kind to do those things.

Mrs. Halden had tried to make parting easy for him. "Go ahead, boy," she said, "but don't forget that we're here, if you ever want to come home. We'll surely see you again?"

"I don't know"—he considered silently for a moment—"Mrs. Halden," he said suddenly, "my mother's been dead for ten years, but I feel now as tho I had found her again—and was losing her."

She took his hand and smiled. "I hoped you'd feel that way, I know you're only a boy—I knew it from the first in spite of that young-old face of yours—and you need a mother. I hope you won't forget that you have one, if making footprints on the sands of time gets a little too much for you, ever. Good-by, boy."

His reinstatement had been easier than he expected, and he recognized that the desperate need these men had for him made it so. It was fortunate, he decided, that he had not been killed. He had worked the situation over in his mind, and he knew exactly how things stood, more exactly than either the men, who doubted Halden's faith, or Halden, who had not foreseen the thing O'Hare and Chief Firewater feared.

To forestall the Reds, in his opinion, was simply a matter of waiting until the moment and then seizing the opportunities that the moment might bring. Unlike traditional generals he was a great believer in circumstances. He realized that his mind worked faster than the minds of the men around him, and he took advantage of the fact, planning as far as plans could be operated certainly, and leaving the rest for the moment of action.

O'Hare shook his head dubiously when Steel, leaving out the personal element, told him this. O'Hare liked to have a campaign and fight it thru, rain or shine. Altho he did not realize it, this policy had amputated five years of his ring career.

"In the first place," Steel said, "we'll try not to let the yeggs leave their barracks. Any one can see the advantages to this, and if we can do it we win. Fifty of us can keep the hundred of them cooped—there are only seven windows in each building, and two doors. Two men for each window and door and three buildings—that's—nine threes are twenty-seven—times. two—fifty-four. We'll make it sixty and put three men at each door. They can't work or fight as long as they stay in, and a hundred of them are just as helpless as twenty-seven, because that's all that can get at us at a time."

"But if they do get out?"

"We'll figure them for a losing fight in getting out—some of them will be temporarily hors de combat, but we'll have a reserve of forty to call up in case things go wrong. We can muster 150 able-bodied men."

"That's what the chief and I counted—but how did you know?"

"Well—I don't go around with my eyes shut—I like to know all about things wherever I am. We'll leave fifty men, then, as a relief force, and we'll keep these birds cooped from 6 o'clock till 7 in the evening—the odd fifty can bring us our meals, and make themselves generally useful."

"But we'll have to make a permanent guard after we once start this business!"

"Certainly, but we'll keep the full force on only long enough to insure no day operations. A man has to rest, and we'll post sentries at night. If they want to fight all night we can stand that business as long as they can."

"What if Halden sends for more men?"

"I know the answer to that, but you don't. I'll give you a hint, tho—headquarters is going to make this a fair fight."

O'Hare puzzled at that. "You know a h—l of a lot you're not putting out, I know that—and I suppose if you don't want to tell, it's none of my business."

"What do you mean by headquarters?" Chief Firewater asked.

"I said a hint," Steel answered in his gentle voice.

O'Hare had a great deal of authority in the Tunapik Branch, and he hurried away to visit the president of his union, who was working out a plan for the next day's battle. The simple device of keeping the strikebreakers in their barracks had not occurred to him. Steel refused to go with O'Hare, and when the president and O'Hare went to the Missabe House to see him he was asleep, having left orders that he was not to be disturbed.

The president was a gray-headed captain in the mines and he found some difficulty with the plan, but none insurmountable, so the word went out to meet at the Union Hall the following morning at 5. One hundred and fifty-four men received it, and wondered that the battle should start at such an unearthly hour. Word of the man Steel crept around, and there was less sleeping than waking in Tunapik that night.

CHAPTER V.

HALDEN had never distinctly differentiated between the Reds and the Union men. In a vague way he associated them, tho he knew they did not intermingle. The one thing that he was perfectly certain of was that neither of them came in the category of civilized human beings, tho he had a certain notion that the Unionists had a few of the elements of decent humanity, and he knew certainly that they fought fairly.

Twelve years before when the Unions were less scrupulous than they came to be when organization brought a certain regard for reputation, and the beasts were rooted out, his wife had had her face dreadfully branded by vitriol thrown from a bottle in the hands of a Union man. Elsa had very nearly lost her life by wandering from the house into the hands of a party of the less humanized strikers, and Halden had finished that fight with machine guns. For a long time after he was called "the Butcher" by the Union men, but gradually the tradition of it died out, and the decent workmen who came into the organizations, thinking of their own wives and children, admitted that he might have been justified.

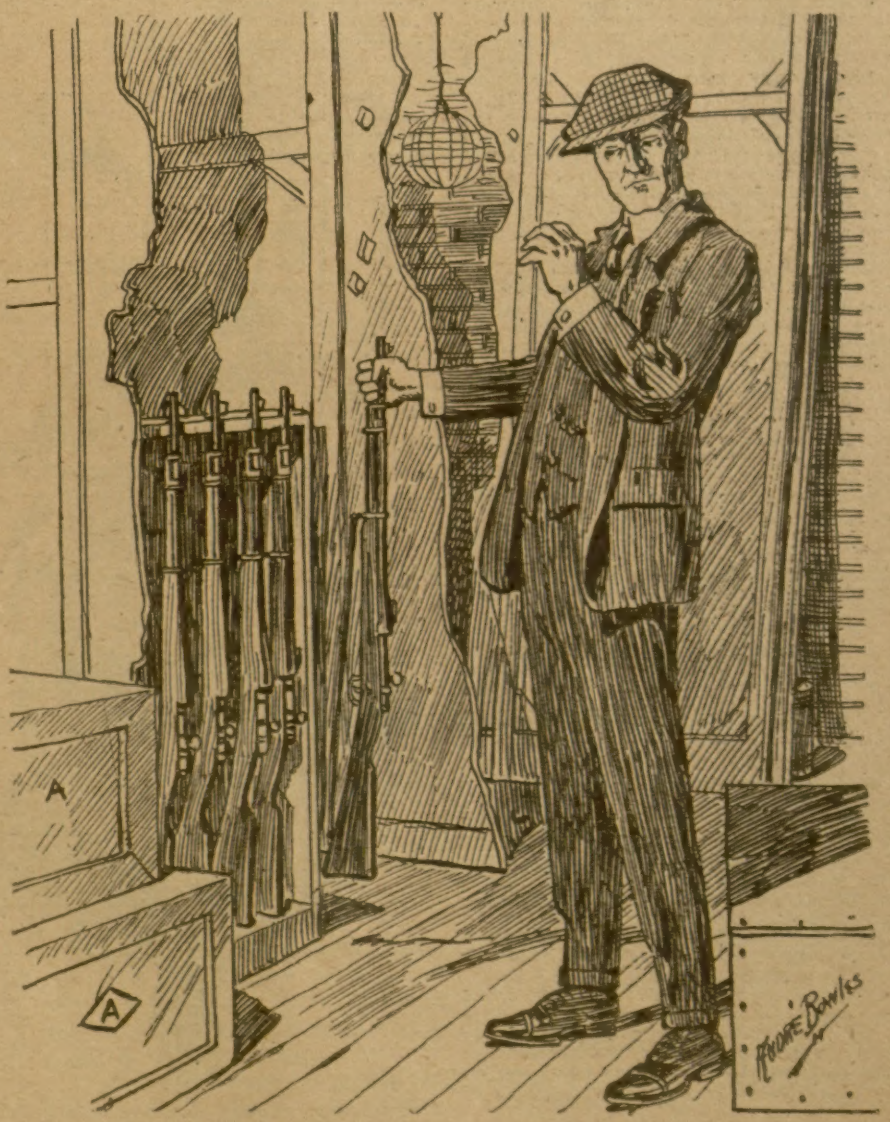
As a matter of fact, Halden contemplated the steps the Union men threatened. Previous to the strike—when they were sufficiently injudicious to demand the things he was ready to grant, there was a fight. Halden did not believe in being forced into anything.

The Reds had been fairly quiet since their attempt on his life had failed. "The Bull," the most formidable man in their crowd physically, came out of the hospital—Halden did not prosecute him—with tales of a superhuman monster with arms of steel and a gigantic frame, impervious to a knife. Nearly all foreigners, and timid as outlaws in a strange land, they had been somewhat daunted by the Spartan treatment of their emissaries. They had no reputation for fighting fairly, and they desired none. The old Anglo-Saxon idea of sport never interrupted their plans, they were hard and business-like; they never forgot the object in view, which was to exterminate as many capitalists as possible, in a non-utilitarian admiration of the opponent's virtues as a fighting man.

They were the apotheosis of the anti-emotional Nietzschean philosophy—hyper-Boreans, with hog-minds. They stayed faithfully in their holes—the Finn clan's hall and a boarding-house of bad reputation, and did not gather like the Unionists and the non-Union men, even to the strikebreakers who were permitted at the street corners in the evening to re-fight the day's battles. This was actually done, with most courteous consideration for each other's natural exaggerations.

Halden hated them all most cordially, dilated upon the tyranny of the Union's demand that he hire only Union men, and carelessly linked this "Schrecklichkeit" with the lawlessness of the Reds. When it came to actual battle, however, he recognized their duality, and he had indeed forbidden the strikebreakers to use their revolvers against Union men at the chance of a trial for murder. He was careful to explain just when they should use their weapons and when not to, tho this was probably the only time he had ever admitted a difference in the two groups to any one, even himself.

The leaders of the strikebreakers was a rather interesting individual, a fighting animal who had left Ireland because he was particular about the style of necktie he wore. "Hemp chafes me throat so," he would explain, laughing, as tho it were the best joke in the world. He had inadvertently caused the decease of a fellow-countryman who had declared that all Englishmen were



They Were Made of Something More Substantial Than Papier-mache.

(Continued on Page 18.)

The House in the Mist

By Hermann Bacher Deutsch and Robert J. Casey

CHAPTER X.
THE DELIRIOUS CAT.

I TRIED to calm myself as I mounted the stairs at Mrs. Brennan's. It would hardly do to let the whole house see that something was wrong.

In the hallway a servant bumped into me. She was a new one—an uncouth-looking girl, probably 18 years old, and despite my agitation I noticed that she was frightened at the sight of me. Attributing this to the state of my nerves as reflected in my face, I attempted to act naturally.

"I am Mr. Bradshaw," I said. "Would you please ask Mrs. Brennan if she would be kind enough to send a glass of milk and some crackers to my room."

She nodded and disappeared like a surprised burglar and I bolted up the stairs.

I do not know exactly what I had been fearing.

Generally the proposition of impending harm to Janet had stood out before everything altho I had not attempted to visualize what that peril might be. I had no sooner reached the upper hallway that I knew that my agitation had been well-founded.

Janet's door stood open. A fitful gas jet showed that it was empty save for Mrs. Brennan who sat beside the bed weeping.

"What's the matter?" I inquired sharply, altho Heaven knows I didn't need to be told. A broken chair, an overturned table, the smashed glass in the wardrobe door told plainly that Janet had not left the room without a struggle.

"She's gone," sobbed Mrs. Brennan, "Sure and they've taken her."

"Who has taken her?" I demanded.

"Them as was in the automobile," she wailed. "They mean her harm. I know they do."

Altho there was little tangible thought in Mrs. Brennan's hysterical information, I guessed that Rocco had taken up the work of recovering the diamond where Higgins had dropped it, and that his policies in the matter were likely to prove more vigorous than those of the man he succeeded.

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Brennan," I asked, "just what all this is about—beginning at the the beginning? You must remember that I don't know the first thing of what you are trying to talk about."

She stopped weeping then—save for occasional isolated tear-storms—and began to blurt out a more coherent story.

"I knew she was fearin' some one, Mr. Bradshaw. I could feel it. But when this ugly man with the black eye asked me to bring a note up to her, what else could I do?"

"Nothing," I answered with only a vague notion of what she was driving at. Her description of the man who had given her the note suited Rocco. His eye had been damaged in the first rush of our conflict.

"He give me the note," she went on, "an' I carried it up here——" She paused again as a step sounded on the stairs, but it was only the servant girl with the food I had requested.

"I showed her the note," Mrs. Brennan went on as the girl disappeared into my room. "An' she told me to wait until she had read it. I waited. Then she crumpled it up an' laughed.

"'Mrs. Brennan,' she sez to me, 'Mrs. Brennan, what did the man look like as gave you this?' I told her an' she sez, 'Mrs. Brennan, you tell him it won't work. Just tell him that—"It won't work," an' advise me to think up some new trick if he expects me to bite on it.'

"An', Mr. Bradshaw, I done just what she told me. I went down an' I delivered the message an' told the black-eye man he'd better be goin' on or I'd call the police, that the girl didn't want to see him an' that I knowed he didn't mean no good.

"But he only laughed. He just shoved me aside an' went on upstairs." Here a tearful outbreak caused another chafing delay. I noticed during the pause that the girl had left my room and was on her way back to the lower regions of the house.

"I heard sounds of a fight," Mrs. Brennan went on excitedly. "I came up here and found the door closed, but they was smashin' things inside somethin' fierce.

"Then pretty soon this black-eye fellah comes out with Miss Roberts in his arms.

"'She's sick,' sez he, 'I'm agonna take her to a doctor's.'

"'She ain't sick,' I sez, 'An' faith if you go takin' her out o' here you'll go to a doctor yourself.'

"Just then the girl opens her eyes.

"'It's all right, Mrs. Brennan,' she says like nothin' matters much. 'It's all right. I'll go to the doctor's with him.' Then he carries her downstairs an' out into the automobile an' I comes in here an' finds the place wrecked. Oh, I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do."

"What happened to the note you brought up here?" I broke in, being not at all concerned with Mrs. Brennan's prospective course of action.

"She threw it in the corner," she sobbed. "I guess it's there yet."

In the corner indicated by the nod of her head, I found a crumpled ball of paper. As I spread it out on the window sill I saw many things.

"Come wit' Rocco," I deciphered in a sprawling uneducated hand. "I ain't hurt serious but need help."

"HIGGINS."

This was the trick which she had seen thru at once—it was a consolation to know that the crook had felt himself forced to resort to a ruse to obtain her assistance—and yet—— What was her connection with Higgins that Rocco had attempted to use his name as a lure?

"What way did the automobile go?" I asked at length.

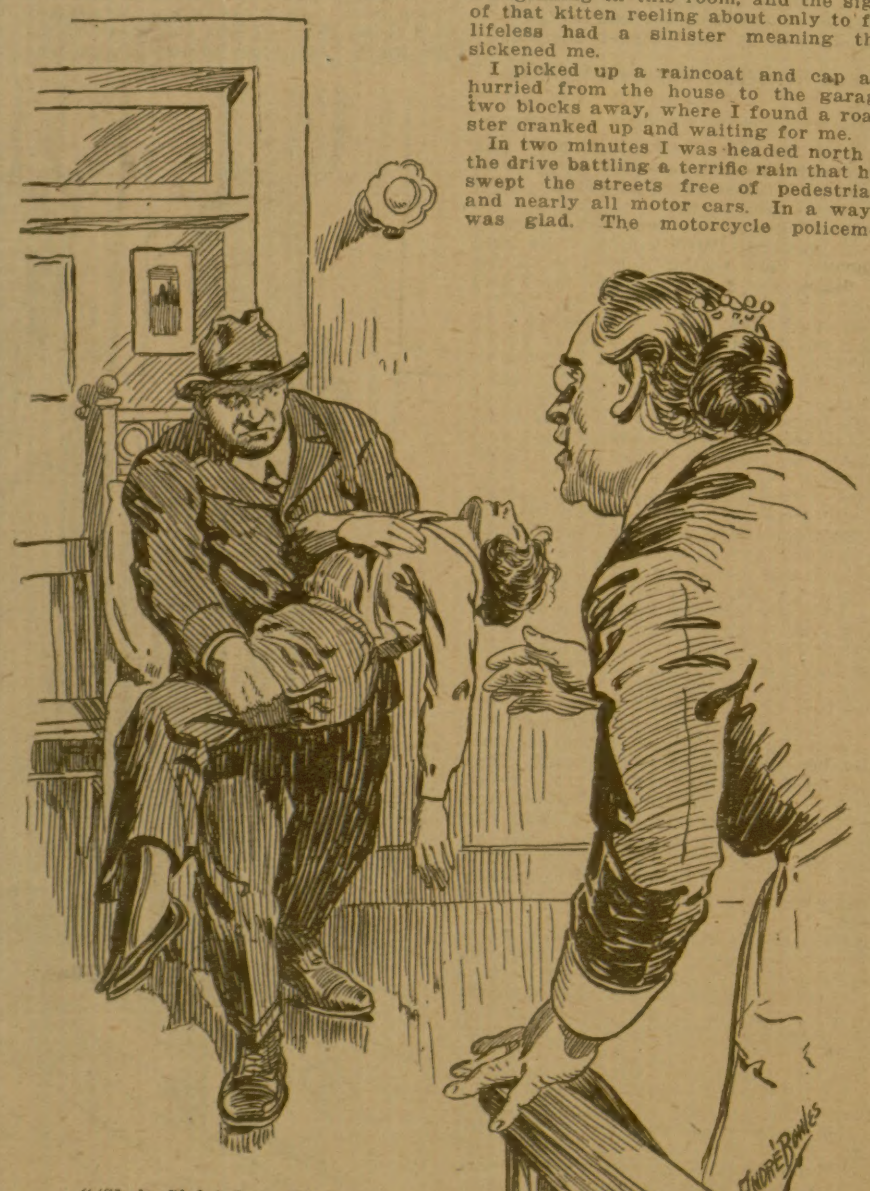
"Little Jerry Murphy was standin' at the curb," she wailed, "an' he says the black-eye man told the chuvver to go out Perry boulevard an' turn off at the first fork past Gilmore road. Jerry remembered because he used to live out on that side o' town——"

"You'd better quiet yourself, Mrs. Brennan," I advised. "I'm going out to Gilmore road myself. If I don't come back in three hours call the police."

I went out into the hall and telephoned to a garage man whom I had known for several years and succeeded in renting a car without a driver for the night.

Then I passed on into my room to get a raincoat for the first of the storm was already pattering against Janet's windows.

Had I not become so accustomed to



"'She's Sick,' Says He."

surprises that I expected them as a matter of course, I should have been bowled off my feet with astonishment at what I saw when I opened the door.

In the center of the floor was a black kitten waltzing about like a man in the last stages of intoxication and emitting a doleful, albeit rather drunken wail. I could not remember ever having seen the cat before and could supply no explanation as to how it had come into my room unless it had followed the new chambermaid as she brought up my luncheon.

The cat spun around dizzily a few times, then dropped dead at my feet.

The Story From the Beginning

The famous Everett diamond, owned by a Chicago family of that name, had been stolen, and the newspapers were making much of the sensational story. In a strange manner the almost priceless gem came into the possession of

JAMES BRADSHAW, a traveling salesman and story writer, who had come North from Oklahoma and taken an apartment in Mrs. Brennan's rooming-house. In fact, the big sparkler had rolled from his suit of pajamas as he was about to retire. There was a spot of blood on the sleeping suit. In an adjoining room he found

TERRY HIGGINS, whose hand was cut and bleeding. Bradshaw aided the young man, who was not seriously injured; and, getting no explanation from Higgins, returned to his room to examine the ancient and shabby bookcase in which he had hung his wearing apparel, including the pajamas. To his great surprise he found the diamond gone from the place where he had hastily concealed it. During the night some one entered his room, evidently for a purpose, and the gas grate, which he had extinguished before retiring, in the morning was again fully ablaze. To get away from these unpleasant and puzzling facts, our hero walked up to a neighborhood park with Mrs. Brennan's girl roomer,

JANET ROBERTS, refined and pretty, but in some way connected with the mysterious "Mr. Higgins," as he was known at the rooming-house. On their way to the park the pair met a suspicious character known to the girl and others as "The Man-With-the-Dog," and the huge animal was quite as forbidding as its brutal-looking master. That Janet for some unexpected reason seemed to be in great fear of the fellow, that much was quite evident to Bradshaw, who finally decided that the three—Higgins, the girl and the Dog-man could explain the whereabouts of the missing Everett diamond.

BRADSHAW decided to make a try for the twenty-five hundred dollars reward offered for the recovery of the diamond. A woman's scream attracted him to Janet's room. He found her much agitated, but she declined to accept his offer of protection, further than from emergencies occasioned by fire or burglars. Then our hero was kidnaped by

ROCCO (the Dog-man) and Higgins. Bradshaw finally freed himself from his bonds and overpowered Rocco during Higgins' absence, apparently to force Janet to tell the whereabouts of the missing diamond. Higgins was later found dead, having been killed by

"RIPPER," the huge bulldog. Bradshaw tramped back to the city from the isolated house in which he had left Rocco bound and gagged, only to see his kidnaper (and supposed captive) pass him on the highway in an automobile. Our hero's thoughts probably were, "Now, how in the dickens did he get free?"

This story began in No. 3 the Ledger for Jan. 15. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XI.
THE HOUSE IN THE MIST.

I HAD no time to investigate the death of a cat, altho I was sorely puzzled. Subconsciously I connected this latest enigma with the others that had found a beginning in this room, and the sight of that kitten reeling about only to fall lifeless had a sinister meaning that sickened me.

I picked up a raincoat and cap and hurried from the house to the garage, two blocks away, where I found a roadster cranked up and waiting for me.

In two minutes I was headed north in the drive battling a terrific rain that had swept the streets free of pedestrians and nearly all motor cars. In a way I was glad. The motorcycle policemen who infested the boulevards would have been driven to cover and there would be little danger attendant upon a burst of speed—excepting, of course, in my own case, and I was willing to take my chances on my own driving.

At forty miles an hour I shot thru North Park and along the broad auto highway beyond it. Rocco, I judged, had a start of nearly half an hour. I did not think he would be attempting much speed. Believing that he had eluded me, he would take no chances on being brought back to the city by an inquisitive policemen.

Gilmore road was twenty miles to the north. At an average rate of fifteen miles an hour, which I didn't think he would dare exceed, he would arrive there an hour and a quarter after his departure from Mrs. Brennan's. At forty miles an hour, barring accident, I could catch up with him before he reached his destination.

The speed, however, was impossible to maintain. Once I had turned into Perry boulevard, I was compelled to slow down continually for street repairs and the like and the curves were too numerous to make fast travel advisable.

So I swept across the northern boundary of the city a little behind schedule. The boulevard led thru a region of large estates and save for its concrete surface resembled a country road. There were fewer impediments to fast driving here, but on the other hand the rain had become a torrent. I was soaking wet and chilled to the marrow—driving into the storm as I had been, the tidal waves which came over the windshield to meet me, were thrown thru my clothing with a biting force.

I held on as a forlorn hope, determinedly, doggedly and perhaps rather foolishly. Yet for all my determination I might have stopped long enough to raise the neglected top when I noticed a light ahead of me.

In a moment I identified it—it came from an automobile traveling without a tail-lamp. The glare I saw was the reflection of a headlight on the road.

Almost immediately it disappeared—but I knew that I was close on the trail. Three of four minutes later I crossed Gilmore road.

I was compelled to slow down a bit now. I was not well acquainted with the lanes and bypaths of this northern suburban district and the success of my mission depended upon my turning off at the right one.

Woods, forest of a sort one would hardly expect to find close to a city, thickly grown with underbrush and pressing close to the edge of the road, had succeeded the rolling estates common a few miles back.

So suddenly that I almost shot by it, a break appeared in the white rail fence to the right of the highway and a path disclosed itself under an archway of tall trees. Apparently this was the road Rocco had spoken of—its very seclusion argued that.

Without hesitation I turned in.

The way was tortuous and not without an element of danger, for any automobilist knows the difficulty of keeping on a path among trees and underbrush. I had been crawling ahead for perhaps five minutes, which seemed long enough to account for the building of several new pyramids, when the path ended in a little clearing and I saw the house in the mist for the first time.

The rain, driven thru the forest by a shrieking wind, had become a gauzy cloud that enveloped the house like a shroud.

It was a small house—six or eight rooms perhaps, and lights, seemingly in every window, made a laudable attempt to penetrate the mist. Every room, top floor and bottom alike, was ablaze. I turned the car around so that it would be available quickly, extinguished the lights, throttled down the engine so that

it was just barely turning over, and alighted.

The woods shielded my approach to the place and I gained the shelter of the porch fully confident that I had not been seen. The front door was open disclosing a well-furnished living room. I got an impression of oak panels, oak beams in the ceiling and a great fireplace in the far wall with a log fire blazing brightly in it.

For several minutes I stood and listened. The place might have been a deserted morgue for all the sounds that came to me from within. Save for the crackling of the fire the house was silent. Somewhat puzzled I made a circuit of the premises, peering cautiously into every window and listening at every step. My amazement increased as I progressed. A dining-room, beyond the living-room was likewise deserted, despite a table freshly set, resplendent in polished silver and gleaming napery.

Food, with the steam still rising from it, was on the buffet, but those who were to partake of the meal were nowhere in evidence.

In the kitchen, also silent and deserted, a coffee-pot bubbled on a coal range. But no cook or sign of a cook was to be seen. The affair had taken on an uncanny aspect. It was the feast of Barmecides with reverse English.

I mounted from a rainbarrel to the long, sloping roof of the rear porch, and thence gingerly thru a window into one of the second floor bedrooms. I searched gingerly under the bed and peered into a clothes closet without finding evidence of recent occupation. The bed linen was clean and freshly starched, but the closet was bare.

From there I stepped into a short hallway and so on into two other bedrooms. They were empty. The sloping walls of the upper rooms told plainly that there was no attic to the place, so I tiptoed downstairs.

I went thru the rooms on the first floor now with more assurance despite the uncanny atmosphere. Then I stood for a long time with my back to the welcome warmth of the fire, drying my sodden clothes and enjoying the tingle it sent thru my chilled bones.

But I realized that I could not afford to wait here for something to happen. If I could get action no other way I must force it.

Could I be sure that Janet really had been taken to this house and spirited away again, leaving the place like the good ship Marie Celeste, found deserted with all sails set, I should not remain a minute. But I had no way of telling. Perhaps they had changed their minds. Perhaps they had brought her here. Perhaps they had not yet arrived.

Thus I stood debating with myself, undecided, praying for something to happen.

Then suddenly my eye lighted upon a bit of cloth over a chair in a shadowy corner of the dining-room where the roast had ceased to smoke—I ran toward it and brought into the light a woman's coat. It was a mouse-colored little coat—scarcely larger than a child's. I felt a lump growing in my throat.

It was Janet's coat. Rocco had brought her here and had taken her away again while I taxed my dull brain with the puzzle he had left me to solve.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WRAITH IN THE STORM.

IT SEEMED obvious that lookouts had been placed to guard against my coming and that Rocco had wasted no time once I had appeared.

I opened the front door just wide enough to permit the passage of my body and crawled across the porch on my hands and knees, unwilling to risk a rifle shot in the dark. So far as any movement in the fringe of woods about the house indicated, my departure went unnoticed. I skirted the open place in the shelter of the trees and felt reassured when I reached the car. The engine was still turning over and the wheels had not sunk perceptibly in the ooze.

I was in the seat behind the wheel and on the point of letting in the clutch when the idea came to me that there must be a continuation of the path thru the woods on the other side of the house. Rocco had come in a car. His car was no place about, which argued that he must have gone away in it. But he had not passed me on the path or in the boulevard.

Acting on impulse I dropped in the clutch, gave the car gas as quietly as possible and drove carefully toward the house. A quick glance proved that I had been correct in part of my guess at least. A path, plainly visible even in the rain, led from the rear of the house into the woods.

I followed it recklessly.

Only chance, I knew, could bring me into contact with Rocco again, but the hazard was worth taking. From my knowledge of the city I knew that if the path led all the way thru the timber plot it must eventually reach the Montrose highway, which paralleled Perry boulevard along the North Shore. If my search of the forest met with no success and I reached the highway in safety I intended to drive as quickly as possible back to town and pick up a husky policeman of my acquaintance.

The going thru the woods was perilous—not so much because of unseen foes waiting a chance to take a pot shot at me, but because the path obviously had been designed for anything but automobile traffic. It curved and twisted like a cowpath on a hillside with a perverse unexpectedness that placed my fenders and lamps in constant danger and more than once threatened to spill me bodily.

I do not know how I held to the trail. It would have been difficult enough in daylight without the added trouble of rain, icy winds and swaying trees. But I got thru. I had been traveling along a fence parallel to a road for five minutes before I became aware of it. The rain had increased until it resembled a cloudburst, falling in sheets that obscured the path four feet ahead of me.

I found a break in the fence at length and darted thru it. I slid down a claybank, crawled onto an asphalt pavement and had skidded about in a complete circle before the brakes took effect.

It is no wonder that by the time I succeeded in stopping the car my sense of direction had received a severe shock. I proceeded as speedily as the condition of the road permitted toward where I believed the more thickly populated portion of the city lay. I had been running perhaps half an hour when I noticed that the trees were growing more thickly and that the country estates which should lie along the road to town were absent. Still I kept on. That I could have lost my way in my slide down the bank and into the road did not once occur to me until I clattered over an interurban track that had no business being in my way and swung about an unforeseen curve into what appeared to be the main street of a suburban village.

I recognized the place as Avondale, and realized with a shock that I had come very nearly twenty miles out of my way. I cursed myself roundly and apologized contritely. If my chances for the rescue of Janet from the hands of Rocco had seemed slight before, they were nebulous now. I resolved to make the best of a bad start by telephoning the police and then going on with my original program as best I could.

It was a little after 9 o'clock, a little late for Avondale to be stirring even on a clear night. But I succeeded in arousing the proprietor of a garage and prevailing on him to sell me some gasoline and give me my directions. One part of my plan failed. The telephone operator announced that the wires were down and so the police remained in ignorance.

Ten minutes later I was flying across Montrose highway with the rain at my back, vainly endeavoring to make up for lost time.

I noticed, with chagrin, the spot where I had skidded down the road, but immediately I had passed the spot a weight seemed to have lifted off my mind. I had lost time, true enough, but I had taken up the chase again.

The woods were thinning out a bit and the country estates appearing now and then when I caught sight of a dim figure in the road ahead of me. When I first noticed it, a tiny dot revealed in a flash of lightning, I was hardly sure of my eyes. But other flashes revealed it again and again and it seemed to be moving from one part of the road to another.

Presently I came close enough to make out the form of a human being—a pedestrian, trudging onward alone in the face of the rain. The headlights fell across it once and I turned the car from one side of the road to the other in an effort to determine something more about the traveler.

But I saw no more of him. The road was empty when I arrived at the spot.

I stopped the car automatically, realizing as I did so that delays were dangerous. Somehow an instinct was warning me that here was an important link in the chain that held me to the affairs of Rocco and the girl and I could not have gone on had I wished.

Vainly I searched for the tracks the person must have left in leaving the road for the woods beside it. When I finally climbed back into the car and resumed my journey it was with the feeling that I had allowed an important clew to slip away.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VANISHED MANSE.

JOHN BURKE was bound to me by no other tie than that he guided traffic at a park crossing near Mrs. Brennan's and that I had spoken frequently to him there. I had seen him again at a gymnasium in the city where he spent much of his leisure sparring with alleged pugilists.

It was to this gymnasium I headed as soon as I found myself back in town again. It did not occur to me that the policeman might not care to accompany me on my trip. He was off duty, to be sure, but to a policeman who finds his routine an adventure the possibilities of my chase would be numerous.

I didn't tell him too much about the case. I stated merely that a rough character had kidnaped Janet Roberts, bringing the tale to a climax with the incident of the deserted house.

The house decided him. While he was dressing—which wasn't long—I got Mrs. Brennan on the wire and told her to notify the police.

Burke was no Sherlock Holmes. He was a policeman of the old-fashioned sort, a roundsman hired for bulk rather than brains. But he had a fair complement of gray matter none the less.

He manifested it chiefly in the aptness and infrequency of his questions. Very likely he suspected that there was more to the case than I had told him—at any rate there was the prospect of a real fight, the rescue of a beautiful girl, the storming of a castle in a forest—all the romantic things that a policeman dreams

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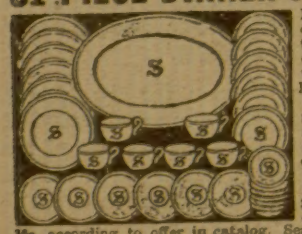

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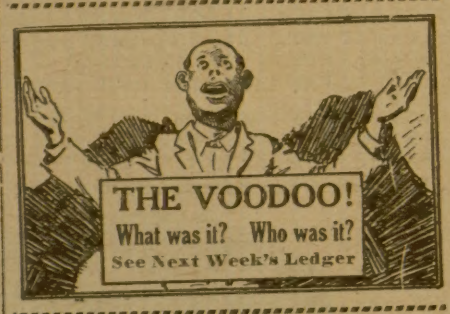
of accomplishing some day and very seldom does.

He was a real man, too. Not once as we sped northward did he utter a complaint as to our rate of travel or the lack of protection against the weather.

"We ought to get out there in half an hour if you step on 'er," he observed. And after that there was silence as we crossed car lines less frequently and followed the boulevard out into the open country beyond which the woods showed a black line against the black night.

As we shot past Gilmore road I could see that my companion's interest was thoroly aroused.

"They won't be expectin' you back," he said as I slowed down to find the



path. "We can rush in on 'em an' have 'em licked before they know we've arrived."

That stated my attitude exactly but I did not think we should have as easy a time of it as he suggested.

"We'll have all the advantage of starting on the jump," I admitted. "Surprise will count for everything, but I've seen one of these kidnapers before and, take my word for it, he's a bad customer."

Thus ready for instant action, we turned in on the first path north of Gilmore road and picked a cautious way thru the woods. The wind had increased in intensity and the roaring of it among the trees would have smothered the exhaust of a racing car. There was little likelihood that any lookout would discover us before we came within striking distance. My chief care was to keep to the road, and two trips thru the forest had given me a certain proficiency even in that.

Somehow, I did not seem to be making the speed of my former trip. When, after ten minutes' ride from Perry boulevard, we failed to come to the clearing, I was puzzled. When five minutes more of maneuvering on low gear failed to disclose the lights of the house my puzzlement became amazement. A sickening fear passed over me when the clock in the dashboard ticked off an additional five minutes and no light showed ahead of us except the gleam of our own headlights among the labyrinth of trees.

"We ought to be gettin' some place pretty soon," grunted Burke, as tho he had divined my thoughts. "How far in is this here house?"

There was no use beating about the bush in an emergency such as this, and at the risk of making myself appear ridiculous I told the truth.

"We should have reached the house five minutes ago at the latest," I said. "Something must be wrong."

He looked at me sharply but had the decency to refrain from comment.

"We aren't getting traction in the mud," I hazarded as an explanation. "It may be that we've been slowed down a great deal more than we noticed. The clearing should be straight ahead of us."

I breathed a sigh of relief as I spoke for the clearing was ahead of us. I could see the open space at the end of a tunnel of trees, a misty light drifting across it.

And then came a numbing shock.

I guided the car carefully between the trees and peered ahead for a glimpse of the house.

There was no house. There was no clearing. I had followed the path straight thru the forest and was on the brink of the clay bank that led into Montrose highway. The furrows thrown up by my skidding wheels something over an hour ago still were slightly visible.

The whole episode was incredulous—preposterous. And yet there was no denying the facts of it. I had followed the old path straight thru the forest. Within the hour, the brilliantly lighted villa had been spirited away like the castle in a fairy tale.

Behind us in the woods, the wind shrieked derisively.

Now, here is a new mystery to solve, one more puzzling than anything James Bradshaw has encountered since he first started out to recover the Everett diamond and thus earn the reward of twenty-five hundred dollars offered for its return to the Everett family. That a large dwelling-house, previously found standing alone in the choicest suburban district of a great city, should disappear from its site within two hours, is something to cause positive amazement. And where, also, is the villainous Rocco and the pretty Janet? Where, again, is the big diamond? Future developments may explain all of these things. Let us hope so.

A Girl of Sense.

"SAY, sis," the 17-year-old brother asked anxiously, "on a nice night like this it's all right to walk to a dance with a girl, isn't it? Of course, all the other fellows have cars, but I can't afford a taxi out of my allowance."

His older sister looked amused, but friendly.

"Why, yes, I think so," she agreed. "It's only a few blocks, and, as you say, it's a nice night. I'm sure Margaret wouldn't mind walking. Of course, if it were raining or anything——"

"Sure!" he agreed, relieved. "But I guess it won't hurt her to walk four blocks when she puts in five miles or so every day playing golf or chasing soda fountains with that Mary Morgan. I guess she ought to have sense enough to see the sense of that!"

And he went away whistling, jingling the scant remainder of his month's allowance in his pocket.

Unfortunately, later in the evening, it began to rain. In fact, it poured. The older sister, lying awake to the patter of drops upon her sill, wondered sleepily what Tom would do with Margaret. Poor kid, he'd have to get a taxi! She wondered whether he had money enough.

She was asleep when the 17-year-old stole softly up the stairs to bed.

Next morning, having been forcibly awakened and harried down to breakfast, he was warmed to speech by the consumption of fourteen griddle cakes, half a yard of sausages and several cups of coffee.

"Say, sis," he began, "is that thirty-cent show at the Bon Ton any good. I want to take Margaret to it."

"Why, yes," she said. "I think she might enjoy it."

"And how about those concerts in the Art Institute? Margaret likes music. I thought maybe it'd be a good thing trot her 'round there every week. You don't know whether the skatin's good now, do you?"

"Wait!" begged his sister. "I'll answer all those questions in time, but first tell me why you are suddenly rushing Margaret so. You never took her out before last night, did you?"

"No, I didn't. But the first time ain't going to be the last. I'll tell you why. Margaret's a girl with sense. Yes, she is! Remember how it rained last night? Well, of course, all the other guys got taxis if they didn't have cars, and I supposed I'd have to, too, altho I only had $1.40. But when I suggested it to Margaret she said right away, 'I should say not! Do you think I'm afraid of a little rain? I guess I won't melt. I like the rain.'

"That's what she said. So, of course, after that I felt that it was better to walk, and all the way home she talked about how silly some girls were, making fellows drive them everywhere and spend money on them as if they couldn't lift a foot for themselves. She said she liked to do lots of things that didn't cost money and she didn't want anybody spending every cent of his allowance on her. That's what she said. And she meant it, too. I like Margaret. She's a nice girl and I must say she's got sense."

"She certainly has," his sister agreed with a smile. "I should say that she had wisdom, too. Possibly even foresight."

❦ ❦ ❦

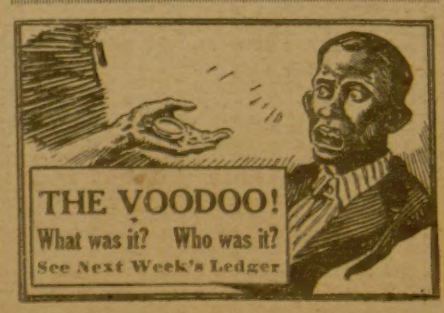
Curious Chinese Custom.

WHEN a new baby arrives in China it is the custom for the mother's parents to supply it with several outfits of clothing. If the baby's maternal grandparents are wealthy it is not unusual for them to furnish all its clothes until it is five or ten years old.

Tho customs vary in different provinces, just as dialects do, it is a common thing when the child is three days old for the parents to present boiled eggs, dyed red, to relatives, friends and neighbors, thereby signifying that they hope that their children will be as numerous as the eggs. Frequently the number of eggs given away totals 2,000 or more.

For the baby's bath, two tubs of water are made ready, one for its body and one for its head. Dragon's eggs and peanuts are thrown into the water in both tubs, this being supposed to insure long life and success in all undertakings of the child's adult life.

It is customary for relatives to drop money liberally into the water.



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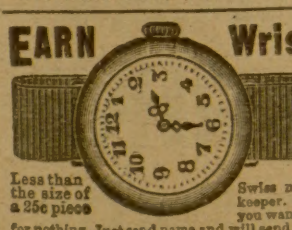

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WHY LIVE AN INFERIOR LIFE?

By ALOIS P. SWOBODA

THIS subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power, has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success, does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books or merchandise.

This subtle principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has yet succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was hardly earning enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends, for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep, I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery, as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

NOTICE

Every reader of this announcement is strongly urged to procure the benefit of the Subtle Principle.

The Subtle Principle is a genuine Power.

The service rendered humanity by Swoboda has not been paralleled in centuries. Swoboda is doing more real good for humanity through his discoveries than the philanthropists with their millions.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction arose within me the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it that my condition would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and

Alois P. Swoboda
Discoverer of the origin, nature, powers, characteristics, laws, principles and functions of Conscious Energy.

therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle, and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this Subtle Success Principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses,	George Washington,	Mozart,
Caesar,	Marshall Field,	Mendelssohn,
Napoleon,	Sarah Bernhardt,	Copernicus,
Roosevelt,	Galli-Curci,	Confucius,
Rockefeller,	Nordica,	Mohammed,
Herbert Spencer,	Melba,	Cicero,
Emerson,	Cleopatra,	Demosthenes,
Darwin,	Alexander the Great,	Aristotle,
Morgan,	Edison,	Plutarch,
Harriman,	Newton,	Christopher Columbus,
Woodrow Wilson,	Wanamaker,	
Charles Schwab,	Phil Armour,	Vanderbilt,
Lloyd George,	Andrew Carnegie,	Marcus Aurelius,
Clemenceau,	Frick,	Pericles,
Charles E. Hughes,	Elbert Hubbard,	Lycurgus,
Abraham Lincoln,	Shakespeare,	Benjamin Franklin,

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions and of all colors make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to [illegible] to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have [illegible] confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create, I must fulfill my duty to each member of humanity, just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it without any obligation whatsoever. I urge every one to procure the Subtle Principle of Success because the results it holds in store for each individual are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption, and so absolutely certain am I that this principle in your hands will work wonders for you, that I am willing to place this Subtle Principle of Success in your hands, at my expense, without any obligation whatsoever on your part.

You will recognize the tremendous value of this principle within less than thirty minutes—in fact, almost immediately, as you become conscious of it; you will realize its practicability, its potency, its [illegible] reality and its power and usability for your [illegible] profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity, success and supremacy.

Thousands of individuals claim that the Subtle Principle of Success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it. You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for the Subtle Principle of Success for disclosing this principle—after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence for your success and supremacy.

I, myself, have derived such tremendous results, amazing results, from its powers, that I want every man and woman to have this key to success, prosperity, wealth and supremacy. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address, without any obligation whatsoever—this Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep, yours to use for the attainment of your success, happiness and supremacy.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this Subtle Principle of Success. **You would never forgive me** if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

Write your address on the form below, or write me a postal or a letter, asking me to send you the Subtle Principle of Success, without any obligation of any kind whatsoever on your part, and you will receive by return mail the Subtle Principle of Success—a principle of supremacy—the key to your every success—the equal of which you have never seen—

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This is the shortest, easiest and surest road to success.

In The Dead Of Night

By Lawrence William Pedrose

CLARENCE KELLY, popularly known in the Chicago underworld as "the Gentleman Kid," thrust a cigarette between his lips, struck a match with his thumbnail and applied the flame to the fragrant "fag," then settled himself in his seat in the smoking-car of the eastbound flyer and drew a crumpled letter from his pocket.

A corner of his mouth drew down in a sneer as he read for the hundredth-odd time the contents of the missive written in a scratchy, miserly hand. The letter was from his uncle, Adam Jernigen, a retired financier who lived in New York. "I inclose a ticket," it said briefly. "Come to New York so I can have a talk with you."

In sullen anger, the Gentleman Kid's long, slim fingers closed over the letter and crushed it, and he stared out the car window with a hard, set expression on his face, his dark eyes half veiled as if to retain the picture of hate which his thoughts conjured up.

Twenty-five years before, Adam Jernigen had turned an only sister out of his comfortable home when she married Tom Kelly, a handsome ticket scalper who derived his living from a railroad in which Adam Jernigen was interested. Jernigan had then used his influence to bring about a relentless persecution of his unwelcome brother-in-law, and had hounded the pair from State to State until they were driven to the gutter and Kelly found a drunkard's grave. Even when the widow had been reduced to the necessity of taking in washing for a living, her brother had not relented. Twice she had appealed to him when sickness overtook her and she and her little boy were forced to subsist on charity, but he had ignored her pleas. Nor had his stony heart melted in the passing years as he, his own health broken, had been compelled to withdraw from public life and live the empty existence of a recluse.

The sister, burdened by misfortune, had had to eke out her living in the West at whatever work came to her hand, while her boy had turned to the streets and become a typical gamin of the byways. The mother had given up the struggle against adversity when the boy, influenced by his evil environment, had committed a theft and been sent to the reformatory for two years. But Clarence, on his release from the reformatory, had once more turned to the realm of the underworld and had become a clever crook before he was 21. Until he received the letter from his uncle, three years later, he had put from his mind any thought that he had a living tie to hold him to the world of respectability. Then suddenly every grievance that he had held against society became centered like a consuming flame upon the lonely recluse in New York, and the first train East had found him journeying thither, with every other interest in life subordinated to a desire for vengeance upon the man who had driven his father to a drunkard's grave, had wrecked his mother's life, and had made of himself a criminal.

With a muttered oath that was half a snarl, he jammed the letter into his coat pocket and shoved his other hand out, clinched, before him.

"The old miser!" he hissed, with eyes glittering like the eyes of a rat. "The dirty old poison crab!"

IT WAS 7 o'clock in the evening when he reached the Big City. Thirty minutes later found him on the steps of his uncle's brown-stone residence uptown impatiently jabbing the door-button.

A stockily built man-servant admitted him into the presence of the recluse.

Adam Jernigen's age of 65 years seemed to rest heavily upon him. He was small, thin and stooped. His face was the face of the miser, unhealthily pale and deeply lined. He had bushy eyebrows, receding heads of eyes, and a mouth that was a mere sunken crevice, over which his nose and sharp, pointed chin seemed threatening to meet. His hair was thin and white, and his skin was the color of washed-out buckskin.

The recluse drove the man-servant from the room with a gesture, and, his little eyes snapping, eyed the Gentleman Kid as the youth stood before him, with hat in hand, a disarming smile on his lips.

"Well, well!" he said testily, pounding on the floor with his cane. "What is it?"

The Gentleman Kid dropped his gaze and twirled his hat with simulated bashfulness.

"I am Clarence Kelly," he said timidly.

"Ah!" The recluse pointed to a chair which his nephew drew up. The inquisition which the visitor had been expecting began like the first shots from a carefully prepared ambush. "What do you do for a living, young man?"

The Gentleman Kid had fortified himself against the ordeal. He hid a gleam that appeared momentarily in his eyes and, quite at ease, answered:

"I have worked at a number of things—generally in positions of trust."

"Of what nature?"

"Collecting, private detective work and as a conductor." The Gentleman Kid told the truth. He had collected campaign money for beefy ward bosses, had done sleuthing for cautious owners of gambling houses, and had conducted avidly curious tourists on slumming expeditions thru Chicago's tenderloin, which was to him like an open book.

"Ever been in trouble?"

"No."

"Any bad habits?"

"No."

"Let me see your hands."

The Gentleman Kid confidently put out his hands. He had learned the art of make-up from a variety actress, and had prepared himself for this eventuality by drawing deceiving lines on the palms of his hands and putting just enough "grime" around the edges of his fingernails to cover the soft texture of his skin.

"They look like the hands of a mechanic," said the recluse cunningly.

"Oh, no," laughed the Gentleman Kid, with an inward jeer at the obviousness of the trap; "it takes years to become a mechanic. I had only begun to serve an apprenticeship to a boilermaker when I got your letter."

The recluse drummed thoughtfully on the head of his cane with his thin, bony fingers.

"Did you know that you are my only living relative?" he asked suddenly.

The Gentleman Kid shook his head in the negative and smiled engagingly.

"Never thought of it. In fact I had forgotten that my mother had a brother living until I received your letter."

The recluse scowled as if stirred by some bitter recollection.

"Do you know why I turned your mother out, twenty-four years ago?" he asked sharply, reaching for the drawer of a table at his side.

His elbow brushed a decanter of water that rested on the table-top beside him, and it toppled and crashed to the floor. On the instant he uttered a strangled cry, his body became convulsed, and he clutched at his heart.

But almost before the Gentleman Kid's ejaculation of surprise fell from his lips, the old man had drawn a vial from a pocket of his dressing-gown, uncorked it, and put it to his mouth.

The spasm of pain left him immediately and the color returned to his lips.

"Digitalis," he said jerkily. "Only thing to stop heart attack. Would die . . . if didn't . . . have it. All right now."

He seemed to have recovered, but the attack had left traces on his features. The Gentleman Kid's eyes squinted craftily as he watched the other return the vial to his pocket.

"I always keep the digitalis handy," explained the recluse, his voice strong again. "When anything startles me and I feel a spasm coming on, I swallow a drop of the medicine and it restores my heart to normal action."

"But suppose the attack came on at night, and you couldn't find the vial?" asked the Gentleman Kid innocently. "Would your man-servant get to you in time to save you?"

The recluse chuckled dryly.

"I send Simpson home at night, so his moving about won't disturb me. But I always keep the vial on a stand at the side of my bed, so I can reach it with a single movement. Now—to return to our discussion." A wolfish look that had crept into his face a moment before the spasm of pain seized him returned. He opened the drawer of the table and extracted therefrom a long, soiled envelope. "I will show you why I turned your mother out of the house when she refused to leave the—the thief she had married!" With trembling fingers he drew from the envelope a slip of faded blue paper and held it out, fluttering, before him.

The Gentleman Kid bent forward and saw at a glance that the slip of paper was a canceled check for a thousand dollars, drawn on a local trust company twenty-four years before and signed by Adam Jernigen.

"That check was taken from my desk by your father the day before he married your mother," said the recluse hoarsely. "It was cashed by him and he forged my name to it! I demanded that your mother leave him, but she said she loved him and could not."

"Why didn't you have him arrested?" asked the Gentleman Kid, with feigned indignation.

"Because—because," hissed the recluse, "revenge was mine; not the law's!"

The Gentleman Kid nodded slowly.

"I understand," he said quietly, careful to keep from creeping into his voice the wave of rage and hate that surged up within him. Vengeance was yours; not the law's!"

"But," continued the recluse, less harshly, "your mother suffered more than I had intended. For that I wish to make amends. As things stand now, you are my sole heir. If your life will stand the closest investigation, I shall leave everything to you upon my death. Meanwhile, you will make your home here with me." He touched a button on the table, and, after a moment, the man-servant entered the room in response to the summons. "Simpson," instructed the recluse, "show my nephew to a room upstairs."

Simpson bowed and led the way toward the hall. The Gentleman Kid rose with an unfathomable look in his dark eyes, bade his uncle good-night in a carefully controlled voice, and followed the servant.

"Grab Him, Simpson!" Shouted the Recluse.

THE Gentleman Kid, stretched at full length on the bed in his darkened room on the second floor of the house, smoking the last of his third package of cigarettes, harkened for the sounds that would tell of the departure of the man-servant for the night.

A plan, suggested by the recluse's heart attack that evening, had taken form in the Gentleman Kid's brain and now stood out complete in every detail. He would steal downstairs. . . . Because of its very simpleness, the idea was marvelous, he told himself, and he smiled in appreciation of his cunning. The smile grew. Not a soul in the world but what would think the old miser had come to his end naturally. . . . .

And he must accomplish his purpose tonight. Should the recluse have an opportunity to look up his nephew's past, the reformatory record would surely cause him to change his plans. . . .

The mellow chimes of a clock somewhere in the depths of the house tolled 12. Fifteen minutes later there was a sound of muffled footsteps in the lower hallway, and the lock on the front door clicked.

Pinching out the fire of his cigarette, the Gentleman Kid got up on his feet. He had taken off his shoes before lying down; he now removed his coat, too.

Noiselessly he crossed to the door. With a quick, firm twist of the knob, which gave forth no squeak, he opened the door and passed out. He paused for a moment in the hallway and listened intently. All was quiet below. Soft-footed as a cat, he glided down the stairway.

He reached the bottom landing without mishap and paused again to listen. All was still. A dark hallway extended toward the back of the house. There were three doors along the passageway, two on the left and one on the right. Careful not to make any betraying noise, the searcher crossed to the door on the right, bent, and put his ear to the keyhole. Some sixth sense told him that this was the right room. Cautiously he tried the door.

The lock gave, and he pushed the door inward with quick, short jerks that prevented the heavy hinges from groaning.

He stepped across the threshold and peered round him.

In the farther corner of the room stood a high, canopied white bed beside a half-open, screened window. Beneath the window stood a low stand. A shaft of pale moonlight slanted across the bed, and the intruder made out a sleeping form wrapped in the bedclothes. Warily he approached it.

But suddenly he halted and his heart missed a beat as a slight noise came from the hallway behind him. He glanced backward over his shoulder, but could see nothing. The sound was not repeated, and deciding that it had only been caused by a mouse running along the hall, he crossed to the bed.

As he gazed down upon the dimly outlined head upon the pillows, the Gentleman Kid's hatred welled up within him. At last the hour of his revenge had come. Wealth—everything was his . . .

He noted in a glance that the recluse's medicine-vial rested on the stand within easy reach of the sleeper. The moonlight revealed it to be half full of a dark, inactive fluid. He picked it up. For a moment he debated whether to empty the vial and restore it to its former position, or keep it in his hand and make the recluse plead for it. He decided on the latter course.

Suddenly, without warning, he struck the form reclining on the bed a sharp blow with his hand and uttered a loud cry.

On the instant the sleeper bolted to a sitting position, but with head bent so a shadow fell across his features. He gave a strangled cough, his body became convulsed, and one hand went to his throat, while the other groped blindly for the vial on the stand.

A gloating laugh fell from the Gentleman Kid's lips. He held out the vial.

"Here it is, old miser!" he cried

(Concluded on Page 14.)

HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home—in this Easy Way.

By MARY WALDEN

ILLUSTRATION BY. F. M. McANELLY

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on the car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't notice me before, but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it. There is nothing quite so depressing to a woman as an old hat and old clothes on a bright Sunday morning in Springtime.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back the tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make Henry feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself, when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously. Henry was "old-fashioned," and proud. His wife should never have to "go to work"—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made-overs."

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. He sometimes shows no more comprehension of a woman's pride than a care-free Airedale puppy. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried,

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and began to idly turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank-check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. After a while I went out and made up with him, got dinner ready, and we had a happy afternoon together.

That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitting outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

I kept the machine in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. While he was at the bank I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh joy! the thrill of the sight of that first check.

I was bubbling with happiness, and anxiety to tell Henry—but I waited until the next evening. Then, when he came home from the bank, I presented myself before him in the pretty new accordion-pleated frock that I had seen advertised in Taylor and Parks' sale announcement in the paper.

Henry's mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say,

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently but firmly, "don't you think it is perfectly ridiculous for us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now? You will, of course, in time—but while things are so expensive, and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it fine that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little pleasures and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Then I made my final attack upon Henry's old-fashioned idea that "my wife doesn't have to work."

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said,

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how easily it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pairs or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot. I didn't really need to buy any yarn to start work, for a generous amount was given free with the Auto Knitter."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how easy and pleasant the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitter Company and getting my checks back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the Summer things I needed for myself or little Helen last Summer, and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Fall and Winter. All this without my being obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that Henry makes. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Buffalo, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it; and sometimes to make warm little knitted things for my little girl to wear.

A few evenings ago little Helen was riding on Henry's foot and she asked him to "sing a tune" for her, so he made this up, while he looked teasingly at me:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your income grow?
By Auto Knitting hosiery,
And woolen socks all in a row!"

"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare time into dollars"

Henry hasn't forgotten that I took up Auto Knitting without asking his advice, but he is glad now that I did, for it helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. I tell her why the Auto Knitter Company, an old, firmly established American corporation, prefers socks of home manufacture to those produced in rushing, driving factories. I explain how their wide business connections give them an enormous market for the good, honest, old-time wool socks, made by hand on the Auto Knitter of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each of their workers to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free — you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay check—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out employment agreement at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Company, Dept. 361-K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, New York, at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit. The Auto Knitter does the work.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it that Sunday evening when I took the paper away from Henry, and opened it later at the Auto Knitter advertisement.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Dept. 361-K, 821 Jefferson Street,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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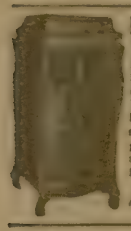

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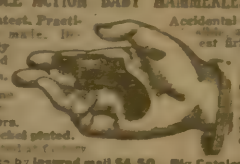

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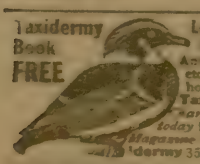

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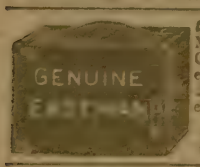

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In the Dead of Night
(Concluded From Page 12)

tauntingly. "Come; crawl out on your knees and plead for it, you dirty old crab!"

The sufferer thrust out his hand, but the vial was drawn a few inches out of his reach. His tormenter laughed again.

Then a strange thing happened. An echo of the laugh came from the doorway, and the next moment the room was flooded with light. The Gentleman Kid whirled on his heel, blinking with surprise and bewilderment.

In the doorway stood Adam Jernigen with a pistol in each hand, the black muzzles of the weapons trained unwaveringly upon the stomach of his nephew.

"Grab him, Simpson," chuckled the recluse triumphantly. "And be careful he doesn't spill that vial of colored water on the carpet!"

The man on the bed sprang out onto the floor, and two strong arms closed about the Gentleman Kid and held him in a grasp of steel.

The Mortimer Tangle
(Continued From Page 4)

hend what had taken place; at last he pulled himself together somewhat.

"Help me to lift her," he said to Prydor, who had followed his mistress as far as the door. "Quickly, now! She's had a terrible fright—we must take her to her room. Now, then!"

Together the two men carried the limp figure into the boudoir and laid it on the divan, where Mrs. Mortimer's maid took charge of affairs. Back in the hall again, the undertaker's assistant turned to Prydor.

"Telephone to Dr. Newman instantly," he ordered, "then to Mr. Phillip Mortimer. Afterwards, we must notify the police, I suppose. Yes, of course, the police must be notified. But the doctor—get the dictor first. I——" He stopped abruptly and began to mop his face with his handkerchief; evidently he had reached the limit of his resources.

A QUARTER of an hour later Dr. Newman rushed into the house. Pausing only long enough for a few hurried words with Prydor, who met him at the door, the physician hastened to Mrs. Mortimer's room, where he found the mistress of the house still unconscious. Under his ministrations, however, she recovered rapidly; in a moment or two her eyes opened and she looked up wildly.

"Gone!" she muttered. "Gone!" Then, recognizing the doctor. "You, Lon! What—what——?"

"Drink this, please." Dr. Newman spoke in his professional tones, albeit he was shaking visibly himself. The maid was still in the room, and he knew that he must not give way—yet. Hastily pouring something into a glass of water, he raised it to Mrs. Mortimer's lips.

Under the uplift of the stimulant she became calm enough to wait until he had dismissed the maid on some errand, before she spoke again. "You've heard, Lon?" she whispered, clutching his hand and staring up at him with a dreadful expression in her eyes. "You know?"

"Of course," he nodded. "But you must be calm, Mona. Don't let yourself go to pieces, for God's sake! It's—it's most extraordinary, I know, and all that, but there's nothing to be alarmed about. If you knew what—but never mind. We'll straighten things out presently."

"But what does it mean?" she persisted. "I—I don't understand it at all, Lon. He was there last night—after you left. I—I went to look. How—who could have done it?"

Dr. Newman shook his head and began to pace back-and forth with short, quick strides. At the second turn he made his eyes caught the glint of a decanter of brandy on a sideboard, and without saying anything he poured himself a liberal drink. Somewhat steadied by this, he took a cigarette from his case and lit it. Then he sat down.

"We must be discreet," he said. "They must not suspect our secret, Mona; not yet, at any rate. This thing is awkward—deuced awkward. It may mean an investigation—Heaven knows what? I don't understand it myself; I never heard of such a thing before. You must keep to your room, do you hear? See absolutely nobody. Let me do the talking. I'll tell them that you're prostrated from shock, as indeed you are and have every reason to be."

"Certainly," she agreed, a little amazed, even in her dazed condition, at his very apparent nervousness. "But tell me, Lon? What do you have to tell?"

"The police!" he snapped, almost roughly, jumping to his feet again. "The police, dar—— They'll have to be notified, of course; in fact, somebody has probably already done so, for all I know. We must expect to see them here any minute."

"The police!" gasped Mrs. Mortimer, and tried to sit up, but her swimming head forced her back again. "Must they be told?"

"Of course. The body has been stolen; why, I don't know. That's for the police to find out. It's their business. Of course, they must be told, Mona; told at once, too." Newman began his nervous pacing again.

He was thinking, thinking desperately, thinking faster than ever before in all his life. Had the woman who was watching him known his thoughts; had she been herself even at this moment, a good deal of what happened subsequently might have been averted; but she did not. How could she guess that he, Dr. Newman, their family physician, had been poisoning her husband, or thought that he had, for weeks; that, urged on partly by his love of herself, but more by a desire to get his fingers on the fortune which he knew she would inherit, the physician had secretly administered a drug of his own concoction to her husband; that her husband's seeming illness had been due to this drug alone?

How could she guess this any more than she could guess that thru some queer trick of Fate the carefully compounded drug had failed to fulfill its deadly purpose, and that James Mortimer was alive and well at that very moment? Mrs. Mortimer could not guess these things any more than she could guess that Newman was now wondering if the disappearance had been engineered by the authorities—if they had suspected foul play and secretly removed Mortimer's body in order to hold an autopsy over it. No wonder the physician was nervous, upset, almost savage in his manner. For a few seconds he was nearly enough unnerved to blurt out the truth, but he thought better of it in time. He did not know how Mrs. Mortimer would take such a confession, altho in his egotism he felt sure that her love for him would seal her lips.

Several minutes rapid pacing, combined with the effects of the brandy and the soothing influence of his cigarette, calmed the physician's nerves to the extent that he could begin to reason clearly, and when he did so he grew more contained. After all, he was confident that his crime would never be discovered; the drug he had used was a very rare one, it left practically no trace, and nobody had any reason to suspect foul play. He had already filled out and filed a certificate of the death, in which he had diagnosed the case as one of acute indigestion, and in such matters a physician's word is final. Satisfied that his momentary fears had been groundless, and smiling a little crookedly to himself, he turned to Mrs. Mortimer.

"You must pardon my abruptness, Mona," he said, in a quieter tone than he had hitherto used. "I am naturally very much upset. This thing is so sudden, so uncanny; I know how it must have shocked you, dear. But don't worry, we'll fix it all up, between us. I must go now. As your mouthpiece, so to speak, there is a great deal for me to do. Phillip Mortimer must be consulted, and certain arrangements made—the

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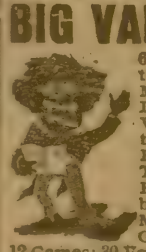

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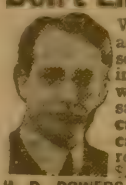

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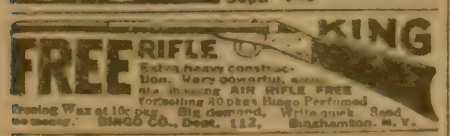

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funeral will have to be postponed, of course."

THE representatives of the police—a chief inspector and two detectives—arrived soon afterward, and, accompanied by Dr. Newman and Phillip Mortimer, who also had hurried to the house, they made an exhaustive search of the premises. They found nothing, however. There was absolutely no clew as to where the body had gone, or how. James Mortimer had covered his tracks cleverly, and, since the room in which his body had been laid out was already intimately connected with him, the usual search for fingerprints and other personal clews, which the police conducted, brought nothing to light. Naturally, there was nothing to show how the body had been carried away; and the idea that Mortimer had left the room on his own feet did not seriously occur to any one.

It is true that Inspector Royce guessed at the possibility of such a thing, but when he hinted as much to Dr. Newman, the latter scoffed at the suggestion.

"It's quite impossible," he declared, "absolutely impossible, Inspector. There's no use even in considering it. James Mortimer was dead; I am certain of it."

Royce stroked his chin thoughtfully. According to his lights, he was a shrewd and efficient detective, but the present case was so utterly different from any that he had ever before tackled that he felt a little beyond his depth. He had the good sense to make no bones of the fact that he was puzzled.

"I had already guessed that you would say that, Doctor," he answered frankly, "but I thought I'd mention it. Strange things will happen at times, you know. However, since you're positive the man is dead we'll proceed on that basis, for the present at least; it'll help to narrow the limits of our search, altho I'm blest if I see why any one should steal his body. If he was alive now—if he'd been kidnaped, I mean—I'd have half a dozen answers ready for you. But a dead body. H'm! That's different, Doctor. You're quite sure he died naturally? No reason to suspect foul play, huh? No reason to suspect that somebody stole the corpse because he feared the result of a post-mortem, for instance?"

Dr. Newman looked up quickly. He had been expecting this question, it was a logical conclusion under the circumstances, and he had prepared himself for it. Long since satsfied in his own mind that the authorities were only guessing, groping in the dark as it were, he felt no misgivings as to his own safety. Strange as was Mortimer's disappearance, he felt sure that the police had not had a finger in it.

"Certainly not," he replied emphatically. "Mr. Mortimer had been ill, seriously ill, for some time. I had ample opportunity to diagnose his complaint: tI was acute indigestion—I'm certain of it. He had had several previous attacks, and I had often warned him that he must be very careful in his diet. There is absolutely no reason to suspect foul play, Inspector; none whatever. I don't know why the body was spirited away—I can't even guess; but I assure you that it was for no such reason as the one you suggest."

Inspector Royce left presently, promising to use every effort to discover the body with the least possible delay; but from the way he spoke it was evident to those most interested that he had little hope of an immediate elucidation of the mystery. The whole affair was a profound puzzle. There was no apparent motive; no clew from which the detectives could make even the semblance of a beginning, and, altho, as is the way of the police in such cases, they looked wise and hinted at various dark possibilities, they were really very much at sea.

DR. NEWMAN paid no personal attention to his medical practice that day. He was too wrought up to settle down to routine work, and he early arranged matters so that a fellow practioner took charge of his more important cases. The funeral had, of course, to be postponed indefinitely; anxious inquiries from friends of the family had to be met and answered upon all sides, and, since Mrs. Mortimer remained hidden in her room, these duties naturally fell to her brother-in-law and Dr. Newman. It was dusk when Phillip Mortimer finally went home, and the physician had his first opportunity to visit Mrs. Mortimer.

He found her much calmer than she had been earlier in the day. Reflection had convinced her of the futility of worrying herself sick over something she could not help, and it was seldom that Mrs. Mortimer gave way to nerves. All her life she had been waited upon by somebody, and even in the present crisis, she was content to let some one else bear as much of her burden as possible. When the physician entered her boudoir, she greeted him with a little smile.

"Give me a cigarette," she requested, "and sit down—do. This has been a trying day."

"Trying!" Dr. Newman, after complying with her request, dropped into a chair and lighted a cigarette of his own. "I should say it had. My mind is in a whirl. However, everything possible is being done. The police are at work, and no matter how blind their efforts may be some one is bound to discover a clew.

A body is a pretty bulky thing; it can't vanish into thin air, you know. It will be found, of course."

"I hope so," Mrs. Mortimer puffed daintily at her cigarette. "Do you know, Lon, I've been thinking—wondering about things. It's preposterous, of course, but just suppose that—that it should never be found. What would become of me—of us, Lon? I am, or rather, I was James Mortimer's wife. What am I now? His wife, or his widow? I mean legally, of course. If the body is not found, can we marry eventually as you—as we had planned?"

"Good Lord, Mona!" Newman stared at her thru a haze of cigarette smoke, his eyes narrowed in thought. Then he grinned reassuringly. "I don't know, I'm no lawyer, of course," he went on, "but I should think so—yes. We know that your former husband is undoubtedly dead, you see; I had already made out and filed the certificate to that effect even before the disappearance. Body or no body, that will cover the legal side of the affair, I think. There can be no question of the death, you see; none whatever."

'Just the same it's horrible—horrible," she murmured. "I shall never forget, or entirely forgive myself, Lon. The whole thing is like a direct blow at my guilty conscience. It's almost as if Jim knew what had been going on since he died, as if he had done this thing on purpose to spite me, somehow. You don't—you don't think that he can possibly be alive, do you, Lon?"

"Certainly not," he laughed, tho his eyes were serious, for this continued harping upon the possibility of the thing he denied was unpleasant. "Of course not, Mona. The idea is absurd. As for your guilty conscience, as you call it; why say 'guilty'? You've done nothing wrong. Surely, it is no crime to care for me now that your husband is dead."

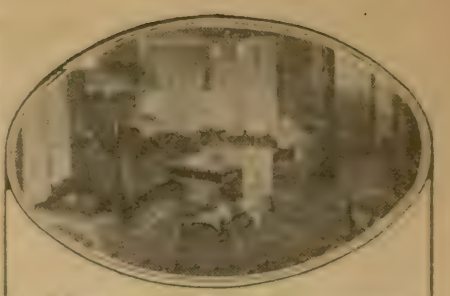
"No, of course not. But I can't help feeling uneasy, Lon. I don't like being concerned in a sense like this—it's entirely too bizarre. There's another thing, too. The will, you know. What will happen now? Will the estate be settled, or not? Will there be complications? What must I do, Lon?"

"I don't know exactly," he confessed, rubbing his chin reflectively. "It's a matter for the courts to decide, I suppose. Still, I don't think you'll have much trouble. I wouldn't worry about it Mona. I am sure that Mortimer will be counted legally dead on the strength of my declaration alone. If not, we can produce a number of reliable witnesses; there's Phillip Mortimer, you know, to say nothing of the undertaker, and—and others. No, I certainly should not worry, Mona. The will should be produced, however. You know where it is?"

"Yes; it's in the library safe," she answered. "Suppose we get it? We can look it over now and attend to whatever details are necessary tomorrow. Come." She tossed her cigarette end away, and, graceful and beautiful as always, if a trifle pale, swept out of the room.

Newman followed her to the library and stood by while she twirled the combination-knob of the little safe between her slim, highly manicured fingers. The door swung open, and she fussed about inside for an instant, then, with something very much like an expression of fear creeping into her eyes, she stooped closer and began a careful search of the interior. It was well filled with papers and several jewel boxes, and in her haste Mrs. Mortimer threw these in all directions. In five minutes the safe was empty; but the will had not been found. It was gone!

Ledger readers will find this story so widely different from anything that has appeared in this periodical in recent years that none who starts it will fail to follow its narration right up to the final word. Three more parts are to follow, each so intensely interesting, their scenes and human emotions so graphically depicted, that the story is bound to linger long in the reader's memory. Second part next week.



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The Honor of the Road

(Continued From Page 6)

time upon the edge of that scrub in which the crime had been committed. And here the chief called a halt.

"The two to nail him must be on foot," as you never could with a horse; but I will remain mounted in the road and ride him down if he shows fight."

So the pair in the pugarees walked one at either stirrup of their crooked chief, leaving the two horses tethered to a tree, until of a sudden the whole party halted as one. They had rounded a bend in the road with great caution, for they all knew where they were; but only one of them was prepared for the position of the light which flashed into their eyes from the heart of the scrub.

It was a tiny light, set low upon the ground, and yet it flashed thru the forest like a diamond in a bundle of hay. It burned at no little distance from the track, for at a movement it was lost, but it was some hundreds of yards nearer the station than the scene of the murder. The chief whispered that this was where he had found the buried booty, and over half the distance he led the way, winding in and out among the trees, now throwing a leg across his horse's withers to avoid a bole, anon embracing its neck to escape contact with the branches. It was long before they could discern anything but the light itself amid the trunks and branches of the scrub.

Suddenly the horseman stopped, beckoning with his free hand to the pair afoot, pointing at the fire with the one that held the reins; and as they crept up to him he stooped in the stirrups till his mouth was close to the sergeant's ear.

"He's sitting on the far side of the light, but you can't see his face. I thought he was a log and I still believe he's asleep. Creep on him like cats till he looks up; then rush him with your revolvers before he can draw his, and I'll support you with mine!"

NEARER and nearer stole Cameron and Tyler; the rider managed to coax a few more noiseless steps from his clever mount, but dropped the reins and squared his elbows some twenty paces from the light—a hurricane lamp now in the sharpest focus. The policemen crawled some yards ahead; all three carried revolver in hand. But still the unsuspecting figure sat motionless, his chin upon his chest, the brim of his wideawake hiding his face, a little heap of gold and notes before him on the ground. Then the Superintendent's horse flung up its head; its teeth champed upon the bit; the man sat bolt upright, and the light of the hurricane lamp fell full upon the face of Hardcastle the squatter.

"Rush him! Rush him! That's the man we want!"

But the momentary stupefaction of the police had given Hardcastle his opportunity; the hurricane lamp flew between them, going out where it fell, and for a minute the revolvers spat harmlessly in the remaining patchwork of moonshine and shadow.

"Get behind trees; shoot low; don't kill him!" shouted the chief from his saddle. "Now on to him before he can load again. That's it! Pin him! Throw your revolvers away, or he'll snatch one before you know where you are! Ah, I thought he was too strong for you! Mr. Hardcastle, I'll put a bullet thru you myself if you don't instantly surrender!"

And the fight ended with the bent man leaning in his stirrups over the locked and swaying group, as he brandished his revolver to suit deed to word. It was a heavy blow with the long barrel that finally turned the scale. In a few seconds Hardcastle stood a prisoner, the handcuffs fitting his large wrists like gloves, his great frame panting from the fray, and yet a marvel of monstrous manhood in its stoical and defiant carriage.

"For God's sake, Cairns, do what you say!" he cried. "Put three bullets thru me, and divide what's on the ground between you!"

"I half wish we could, for your sake," was the reply. "But it's idle to speak of it, and I'm afraid you've committed a crime that places you beyond the reach of sympathy."

"That he has!" cried the sergeant, wiping blood from his gray beard. "It's plain as a pikestaff now; and to think that he was the one to come and fetch us the very night he'd done it! But what licks me more than anything is how in the world you found him out, sir!"

The hunchback looked down upon the stalwart prisoner standing up to his last inch between his two captors; there was an impersonal interest in the man's bold eyes that invited a statement more eloquently than the sergeant's tongue.

"I will tell you," said the horseman, smiling down upon the three on foot. "In the first place, I had my own reasons for knowing that Stingaree was nowhere near this place on the night of the murder, for I happen to have been on his tracks for some time. Who knew all about the dead man's stroke of luck, his insane preference for hard cash, the time of his return? Mr. Hardcastle, for one. Who swore that he had met Stingaree face to face upon the run? Mr. Hardcastle alone; there was not a soul to corroborate or contradict him. Who was in need of many thousand pounds? Mr. Hardcastle, as I suspected, and as he practically admitted to me when we discussed the bad season on my arrival. I was pretty sure of my man before I crossed the boundary fence, but I was absolutely convinced before I had spent twenty minutes on his veranda."

THE prisoner smiled sardonically in the moonlight. The policemen gazed with awe upon the man who had solved a nine days' mystery in fewer hours.

"You must remember," he continued, "that I have spent some days and nights upon the run; during the days I have camped in the thickest scrub I could find, but by night I have been very busy, and last night I had a stroke of luck. I stumbled by accident on a track that led me to the place I had been looking for all along. You see, I had put myself in Hardcastle's skin, and I was quite clear that I should have buried a lapful of gold and notes somewhere in the bush until the hue and cry had blown over. Not that I expected to find it so near the scene of the crime—I should certainly have gone farther afield myself."

"But I can't make out why that wasn't enough for you, sir," ventured the sergeant, deferentially. "Why didn't you come in and arrest him on that?"

"You shall see in three minutes. Wasn't it far better to catch him red-handed as we have? You will at least admit that it was far neater. I say I have the place. I say we are all going to it at 2 in the morning. I say, let us sleep till a little after 1. Was it not obvious what would happen? The only thing I did not expect was to find him asleep with the swag under his nose."

Then Hardcastle spokee up.

"I was not asleep," said he. "I thought I was safe for an hour or two and I began to think . . . I was wondering what to do . . . whether to cut my throat at once . . ."

And his dreadful voice died away like a single chord struck in an empty room.

"But Stingaree," put in Tyler in the end. "What's happened to him?"

"He also has been here. But he was many a mile away at the time."

"What brought him here?"

The crooked Superintendent from Sydney was sitting strangely upright in his saddle; his face was not to be seen, for his back was to the moon, but he seemed to rub one of his eyes.

"He may have wished to clear his character. He may have itched to uphold the honor of that road of which he considers himself a not imperfect knight. He may have found it so jolly easy to play policeman down in Victoria, that he couldn't resist another shot in a better cause up here. At his worst he never killed a man in all his life. And you will be good enough to take his own word for it that he never will!"

He had backed his horse while he

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spoke; he turned a little to the light, and the eye-glass gleamed in his eye.

The young constable sprang forward.

"Stingaree!" he screamed.

But the gray sergeant flung his arms round their prisoner.

"That's right!" cried the bushranger, as he trotted off. "Your horses and even your pistols are out of reach, thanks to a discipline for which I love you dearly. You hang on to your bird in the hand, my friends, and never again misjudge the one in the bush!"

And as the trees swallowed the cantering horse and man, followed by a futile shot from the first revolver which the young constable had picked up, an embittered admiration kindled in the captive murderer's eyes.

* * *

He Got the Spirit.

THERE'S a suburban home whose owner's principal delight is in keeping it spick and span. After dinner he and a guest were smoking on the front lawn. The guest, after lighting his cigar, threw the burned match to the ground.

"Oh. I wouldn't do that, George!" said the host.

"Why not?" asked the guest, surprised.

"It spoils the appearance of a place," was the answer. "It's just those little things that makes a place look bad."

The guest smoked his cigar in silence for a minute. Then, without a word, he got up from the chair, walked down the road and disappeared. He returned in a short while and his host asked:

"Why, where have you been, George?"

"Oh, I just went down to throw my cigar ashes in the river," said George.

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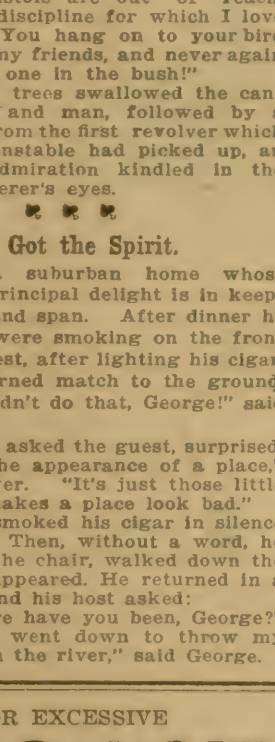

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The Victorious Defeat

By Katherine Howe

[Copyright.]

"I'VE got to play ragtime in a cheap cabaret—or starve."

Phillip Hutchins looked at the girl before him with an odd mixture of humor and despair.

"Oh, Phil! That's awful! It's heart-breaking—disgraceful!"

"Not as disgraceful as borrowing money till people get on the other side of the street; or—or being carted off to the morgue." He tried to speak lightly, not wanting her to know how much it cost him. In Germany he had been the great master's best pupil. At his first concert he had made the piano speak the poetry of Chopin and Liszt till the critics had cried "Bravo." But the war had come, and he had returned to New York to try to make a living with his art, with this result.

"But you little girl! If I could only make them give you a chance. It wouldn't be long before Ruth Lambert, the violinist, would be blazoned in big letters on the billboards."

"I'm afraid that will never come." The tears gathered in her eyes, and her voice was so near the breaking point, she could not trust herself to go on.

"Don't say 'never,'" he cried, with an attempt at being courageous, "I tell you, Ruth, I've heard great artists in Berlin, and you—you have it in you.

"But no one will pay me for playing. I can play before these clubs, and at afternoon teas till the end of time, and it never occurs to them I have to pay room rent and have at least two meals a day. I don't know how to get rich people interested in me—somehow I can't do it, and I have haunted the bureaus and agencies till the very thought of one makes me sick. It's just about as pleasant a prospect to think of going home—a failure—as—as what you said."

"BUT you're not a failure!" he asserted. "I know fine playing when I hear it! You are bound to make your mark! Go home for a little while. Call it a needed rest, a short vacation, and maybe before long I shall be making enough for both of us. Then you shall have your concert, and we shall be together all the time."

For an answer she put her hand in his and he drew her to him. It had been understood now for several months that "some day" they should be "always together." It began with their first meeting at Burleson's studio reception, when her accompanist failed to appear, and he offered to be a substitute. How wonderfully he had played, following, helping her till the violin and piano seemed to talk together and understand each other.

"Oh, if you could only get the ear of Merriden!" he exclaimed. "He could make you!"

"You might as well try to get the ear of the Czar of all the Russias. I'm not going to attempt it again. Yesterday when I called, after making an appointment, the secretary said Mr. Merriden could see no one, as he was not well and was going away for a rest. So what's the use?"

"You ought to have called yourself Mlle. Lamberti, or something foreign," laughed the young man.

"That's it!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "If, instead of Hutchins, you had posed as the great Hutchinoff, or any sort of a Russian, with long hair, you would have been having them at your feet by now. Oh, it makes me furious to think that Americans will let their own artists starve while they just shower flattery and money on anything with a foreign name."

"It won't always be so," he said.

"Maybe not; but I've got to give it up and go home. Phil, I don't believe you quite understand all that means. You see, my mother made sacrifices for me to come to New York to study. My father was always against it. He made it pretty hard for both of us. Now mother hasn't any more money to send—and I wouldn't want her to—if she had. I meant to be earning something by now. I didn't want to go back till I had. You see, father is bent on my marrying a man—an old friend of his who has barrels of money. He was terribly angry because I refused. He said I would come to my senses yet, and come back. This man writes me every little while saying he is waiting. It doesn't seem to make any difference that I have refused him, and send back the letters unopened."

"Well," smiled Hutchins, "I like his grit; but," and his face grew serious, "you wouldn't——"

"Never, Phil! Never!" she broke in. "But you see now——"

"Oh, dearie! You mustn't go! You mustn't!"

It was her turn now to look the problem fairly in the face.

"I must, I can see there is no other way," she said firmly. "But I will come back when you send for me."

"Perhaps they will ask you to play ragtime in Glendale," he said, grimly.

"Not with my violin, my darling. It would be so insulted it would break."

"You're not thinking of giving them Brahms or Saint-Saens?"

"I'm not thinking of giving them anything," she said with a kind of grim humor.

"You Can Have a Place as Cashier in One of His Stores."

Ruth's mother met her warmly, as mothers have a way of doing, and even her father seemed glad to see her. But it soon became apparent that his gladness hid a covert chuckle at what he construed as defeat and surrender. He let her know that he had been losing money, and he expected her to either make the advantageous match which was still waiting for her, or go to work at something.

"If you won't marry Bond," he urged, "you can have a place as cashier in one of his stores. I think it was pretty decent of him to offer it."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she cried, knowing well that it only meant more opportunities for him to push his attentions.

A few days after this the neighborhood experienced something of a sensation, when the very rich and fashionable young widow, Mrs. Renfew, stopped in her car before the modest home of the Lamberts. She was getting up a benefit for the benevolent fund of St. Matthew's, and would Miss Lambert play for them

"But," objected Ruth, "I have no accompanist."

"Oh I'll see that you have one if I have to import him from New York," answered the lady.

A lady who was visiting one of the families of the millionaire set was found to accompany Ruth, they had a rehearsal, and as she was entirely satisfactory the Brahms and Saint-Saens numbers went on the program.

Ruth felt on the night of the concert just a little flutter of delight that her selections were the best in the list, but she wondered how the audience would take them. After the beautiful "Havanaise" there was a rather perfunctory ap-

(Concluded on Page 21.)

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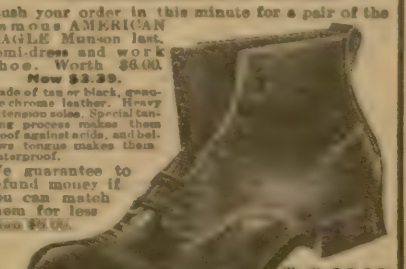

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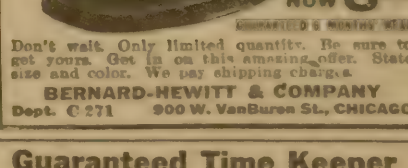

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The Battle of the Giants

(Continued From Page 7)

not damned. Inadvertent in Hennessy's eyes, for how should he know that a big Hibernian whose jaw he broke with his fist would never come to consciousness after it? "Domn him, wot's he stickin' up his v'ice fer England fer in free Irish sile, if that's the kin' of a mon he is?"

Hennessy was a great hulk of a creature, six feet two and two hundred pounds in his bare skin, with fists like iron, a neck and head resembling a pile that has had too assiduous attention form a pile driver, a bare excuse of a brain, and the traditional Irish qualities, which are, strangely enough, actual—a passionate desire for battle and admiration for worthy foes. His face was over-boiled, and satisfactorily ferocious, but his hair was his despair, for it was flaxen, and Scandinavian. One felt that the only thing necessary to complete him, as a work of art, was a retinting of his hirsute handicap, and wondered that so obvious a thing had not been considered in his construction.

The men under him ranged from five feet plus, experts with life-preservers and knucks, to men of almost his own size, who despised sand and brass as unworthy auxiliaries of an effete civilization. Halden, seeing his stock unload, was almost gleeful, tho he, too, had a distaste for men dependent upon artificial petrification of the hands. He showed them to their barracks and advised them to eat heartily of the steaming food the cooks brought, in preparation for a strenuous day's work on the morrow.

"Work? We never came here to work!"

"Shut up, ye fool," said Hennessy, "can't ye see he's talkin' of fightin'?"

"I'll promise you that'll be work, boys. We don't raise babies up here."

"Fightin' ain't wurrkin', sir, not under no succumstances."

Halden laughed. "That's the kind of men I wanted—but remember, boys, no dirty work, further than knucks or weasel-skins. No knives or gats—the other fellows'll fight without them."

"Ah, Jaysus, then we're fightin' Union men!"

"Yes; if the Reds come, use anything—you can gouge if you want to—but I'm going to the hospital every day, and I know the men around here, and if any of them get a rotten deal, you'll go up for it, as sure as my name's Halden."

"Beggin' your pardon, sor, but that's the kind of a shindy we'd ruther fight. We're not hankerin' to have knives or bullets in us, not none at all, an' we can do well enough wit our fistes."

"I hope you can, boys; get a good sleep."

"'Tis a pleasure to wurrk for a mon like that," said Hennessy when the door closed.

Halden almost danced home. He was in his element now. Money-making had never been a passion with him, particularly, and it was only by good fortune that he had taken control of a most remunerative mine, when the land was comparatively unexploited. He would have sold the mine and retired if it had not been for the excitement of battle that came, in the later days, almost every year.

The morrow promised an excellent fight, and many morrows after that, and tho Halden always promised Azalea and Elsa faithfully that he would not himself go into the fight, he was in some mysterious manner forced into the conflict almost every time, and came home in a sadly disreputable state, tho his efficiency had prevented his ever having to be carried home. An untruthful story related that Halden had fought one of his own lieutenants, because the lieutenant seemed to be the best master of fisticuffs present.

The Reds! Abruptly his walk slowed and his face became heavy. It was then that he first realized the complications that Chief Firewater and O'Hare had discussed.

Much to his credit his first thought was, "They'll think I've done them dirt!"

Reflection told him incorrectly, that since he had not thought of this danger, they would not, and not to endanger his own reputation for good faith and fair fighting, he must let the first suggestion of an alliance—his own natural solution of the difficulty—come from them, to be received with surprise, of course.

For a moment he was comforted, when a new thought came to him. "By God—what if they fight me together—but no, they won't—the Unions aren't that low, thank God." He did not realize that he had made a great concession and taken a long step in his own education.

"THEY'VE come," he announced briefly at the house. Elsa turned from the piano, letting her fingers do a long glissando across the keyboard. "How many, father?"

"A few over a hundred. They picked some up at Two Harbors, and a few more down at Duluth, so they ran a little over what they estimated they could raise."

Elsa said nothing, but with head bowed returned to a few bars of short staccato chords—a new and interesting treatment for a Schumann waltz. Suddenly she paused to ask:

"Rather, was it absolutely necessary to get them?"

"Well, the lakes are open and the ore-boats are only waiting for something to carry, to start out of Two Harbors and Duluth. My contracts carry no provision for strikes."

"But couldn't you make concessions—are the men's demands so unjust that you simply can't meet them?"

"Why, I guess they're not bad—it's simply that I won't be forced to do anything for them. As a matter of fact, I was about to give them everything they wanted, but they demanded it. Well, you and mother are the only ones that can demand anything of me."

"But father—men may be killed!"

"Yes, quite likely they will be. But honey, if they ever think they can run me they'll try it till I can't call my soul my own. It's just as well to fight it out now."

"Wouldn't it be better to fight it out when you have justice behind you, father?"

He looked up sharply. "I have. Understand, they aren't entitled to what they ask for, tho I was willing to give it to them. I'll give it to them anyway after this is all over. But I'm really fighting for a principle."

"Yes," Elsa said, almost petulantly, "men always fight for a principle. Mr. Steel is fighting for a principle, too, I suppose."

"Steel! What's he fighting?"

"I don't know, father, but I have an intuition that he's fighting you—I wish I knew which of you is right."

"Elsa!" Halden looked at her keenly; it was the first time she had ever expressed a doubt of him or his judgments.

Mrs. Halden had been silent all this while, but now she spoke. "It does seem cruel, Frank, to let men be killed when you are willing to give them everything they are fighting for. Perhaps you know what it's all about, tho. Sometimes, dear, I think you go into fights just for the sake of fighting—I'm sorry if I'm unjust."

"I hope you are unjust, Azalea—you make me feel like a murderer. I don't think you really understand, tho. Women don't understand the necessity for fights that men's natures make a necessity."

"I don't think Mr. Steel could be very far wrong, father," said Elsa; "he's lived with these men, and still he knows our side, too."

"You have a great deal of confidence in Mr. Steel," Halden answered, with a certain sad irony.

"I do have a great deal of confidence in Mr. Steel. It seems to me that you should have some confidence in him, too."

Her father looked at her with a quizzical half-smile on his face. "Oblige me by not falling in love with any young socialists, or radicals."

"There it is again. Every one that doesn't agree with you, or owns a union card is a Socialist, and your idea of a Socialist is a Red, or a Wobbly. There are more kinds of Socialists than Wobblies, and more kinds of Union men than Socialists, father, but I hardly suspected it until Mr. Steel explained it to me."

"Mr. Steel seems to be a pretty accomplished propagandist. By the Lord, that's it!" Halden burst—that was the impression—from his chair and strode up and down the room, his face red and his hands clinched.

Elsa rose and went to him.

"Father! What do you mean?"

"I hit on it by accident, but I'll bet a million dollars, and throw my own soul in, that I was right. That's why he didn't want to stay here! He was afraid—the dirty coward—afraid of being found out! A cheap, spying——"

"Are you talking about Mr. Steel, father?"

"Steel! Of course I'm talking about Steel—we weren't discussing Clemenceau were we? A cheap propagandist—a publicity man for the Union—spying on me here."

"He didn't want to stay."

"But he did stay—he stayed a week—another lie!"

"I don't believe it—remember, he saved your life!"

"I wish to God he had let the Finn strangle me. I hate to be indebted to this creature. I think you're getting the beginnings of a 'case' on him. If you are, take my advice, and don't—I won't tolerate him!" The veins stood out on Halden's forehead, but his voice had not raised perceptibly. For the third or fourth time in her life Elsa saw her father angry.

"Frank." Mrs. Halden's voice was gentle, but it was also quiet and determined. Halden's fists unclinched and he turned to her.

"You're excited this evening, old bear." She turned to her daughter. "Go ahead and fall in love with whoever you want to, Elsa."

CHAPTER VI.

STEEL had gone to his room, locked the door, and dropped from the second-story window to the ground. Being an opportunist, he took it for granted that he would be able to return when the time came. He lounged down the alley and turned at the street, going past the fire-hall and in the direction of the Finn Clan Hall, better known as the "Wobbly Hangout." Here there were still lights in the dormitory on the second floor, but in the main assembly hall it was dark. Peering between the boards on the windows, Steel saw that the rooms behind the assembly were also unlighted.

He crept to the front and tried the

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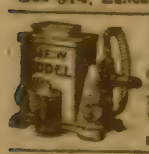

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door gently, but it was locked. Then he tried all of the unboarded windows on each side of the building and found them locked, too. A careful inspection revealed the fact that they were not only secured by two varieties of catches, but bolted at the top and bottom in a primitive but efficient fashion.

His next sally was to the roof, by means of a high board fence and a cat-like tenacity of his fingers, which clung to window-sills and small projections like a steeple-jack's, or better, as squirrel's. Here he found a small trapdoor, but unfortunately, the room beneath it was lighted. Steel watched carefully, and by and by he saw a man pass across his line of vision.

He now went back to the roof edge and peered down along the side. Directly below him was a window from a dark room and he hung by those iron finger ends, until, with his toe, he felt the top sill under him. He released his grip on the roof edge and doubling so swiftly that he had not time to swing from the flat side of the building, he shot his feet down to the lower sill and hung by his finger ends from the top.

The second-floor window was simply locked by one of the little catch contrivances that are useful to keep windows from blowing open, but not very successful in keeping a determined person out. With a Z-shaped affair of spring metal steel forced the snap back, worked the window open with his free hand and slid into the room.

The entrance had been accomplished almost without noise, but to be entirely safe, he waited until he was certain that any other man's patience would have given way, when he tossed the muffled glow of a shuttered flashlight around the room.

It was unoccupied, but Steel started when he observed that a number of bunks at the sides and steel cots in the room were made up from occupants who evidently had not retired. He studied this for a little while, and decided finally that the men must be out on some manner of expedition—it was up to the mine guards to look out for themselves.

Keyholes are useful for peering out of rooms as well as for looking into them, and Steel availed himself of the one in the room to ascertain that the hallway was clear. Then he let himself gently thru the unlocked door, and was down the hall to the stairway so noiselessly and quickly that it seemed his feet had not touched the floor in the motion.

Another brief reconnaissance down the stairway and Steel was in the dim auditorium. His movements were all swift and certain, as tho he knew exactly what he was looking for, but as a matter of fact, he had never been in the building before.

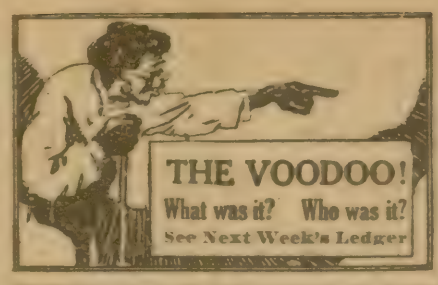
He glided down one of the side aisles to the platform, gently opened a side door and was behind the stage. The first thing that attracted his attention was a stand of rifles, and several cases. For a moment he supposed that they were "props," but when he lifted one of them he knew by the weight that they were made of something more substantial than papier-mache. Examination revealed the fact that they were rifles of the Army pattern, and a search thru the cases showed ammunition—steel nose and dum-dum about equally.

For a moment Steel stood in a quandary, and then continued his examination of the room. It was by the merest good fortune that he made his first stumble of the evening, and slipped over against a loose panel of scenery, which slid. Behind the panel he saw a number of small cans of corrugated iron, and he did not need to turn his flashlight to the word "Powder" on the cans to know what they contained. This was the explosive chamber of the place.

"They wouldn't risk their precious skins by keeping this stuff under them unless they expected to use it immediately—tomorrow," Steel thought, and frowned. This required quicker action than even he expected. His eyes flashed around the room, and in the darkness of one corner he imagined that he saw a stove. He hurried to it and kindled what loose wood there was in the place. While he waited for it to burn, he continued his investigation of the store of explosives. The black powder and dynamite he set aside for the fire; in the corner of one box he found a small box of fulminate of mercury. He set this aside, rather puzzled as to what to do with it; he was afraid of it. Then, with a smothered exclamation, he took one of the rifles and removed the cartridges from the magazine.

Daylight was creeping thru the boarded windows when Steel finished his work, slipped the night lock of the door and went out into the street. The evening had paid. He had burned nearly all of the dynamite, and the remainder, with what powder he had not strewed, dampened, on the flames, was in a place he wotted of. Also, the fulminate had been reconciled to the cause of virtue. Steel grinned his peculiar, tight-lipped smile when he thought of that. As he went into the morning twilight to his room his face had the complacency of a man who has taken his work seriously and done it well.

He gained his window by means of a branch, stripped off shirt and trousers, and massaged his muscles carefully. He had thirty minutes to sleep, and he lay down upon the bed and slept soundly and deep for that period of time.



CHAPTER VII.

THE company that gathered at 7 o'clock at the ball park, might not have passed the army physical examination in its entirety, but on the other hand, the majority of men who passed that inspection would not have been admitted to the rank of Steel's army. He had not been among them ten minutes when they all knew whose orders were the final orders.

The president was a Dane whose best fighting days were over. He was still an excellent artisan, but his frame did not have the resiliency and quick recuperative powers that marked the men as a whole. Also, he was more or less tradition bound, but in simple credit to Hjalmer Nordstrom, it must be said that he recognized this, and gave way to Steel's plans.

The men were quickly divided into three groups, each group to take care of a barracks with a reserve and a relief. The brunt of the fighting would come upon the first force. If they were successful, the struggle would resolve itself into an intermittent struggle with sentry duty the most arduous work.

O'Hare, who had grown harder as he grew older, and who was cunning as a fox thru wide experience in this kind of battle, took charge of the division. He was the Nestor of the force. He was assisted by the only lieutenant he would accept, Chief Firewater.

The second group was in the hands of a Greek, whose exhaustive nomenclature had been abbreviated to Poppa. Steel had not known him previous to the meeting, but he was satisfied with the choice. The young Greek's shoulders sloped up almost to his ears, his jaw was heavy and knotted, and one could see the play of his biceps beneath the too-confining jacket which hung on him in spots. He was not merely a good ani-

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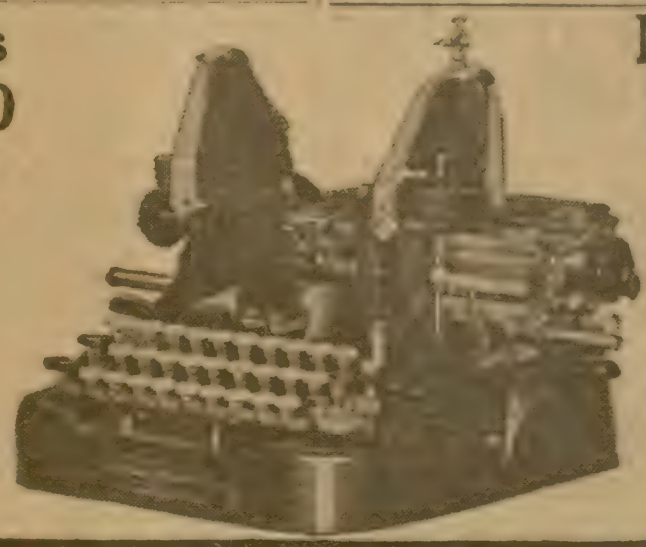

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mal, but looking in his keen, steady eyes, Steel was convinced that nothing was to be feared for the second party.

Steel himself led the third party, besides being the commander-in-chief. He had taken Dubbel as an aide, and they made an astonishing pair.

"Paul could eat that little frizzle," said one of the men who had not been impressed by Steel's one hundred and thirty pounds.

"Listen, son," said O'Hare; "a rattlesnake's a small animal, but it's darn few that gets fresh with them. If you want to fight Steel, go ahead, you can have my share. Maybe you're a better man wit' your fists than I am"—sarcastically—"if you are you'd have a little chance with him—if you had a shotgun!"

The recalcitrant was properly impressed.

For half an hour Steel gave the men the plans of the battle, warning them not to follow victory too far, and giving them concrete valuable advice to follow in handling their men—advice that made O'Hare nod and grin delightedly.

"It's many a shindy that man's been in," he observed; "ye don't pick up statistics of that kind dancin' in silk socks."

At ten minutes of 6, moving quietly and close grouped, the little army moved up to the mine property, and took their posts around the place. All was silent within the buildings—the "scabs" were resting from their journey of the previous day. Once settled the men broke the close silence which had been observed and began to smoke and chat. Steel had warned them about liquor, and several flasks had passed into the hands of the reserves, for use in case of an emergency. Steel had said that a man who was entirely hors du combat was privileged to get drunk.

IT WAS fully half an hour before there were any signs of life from the besieged; then a shaggy, unshaven head appeared at a window, glared around for a few moments, and was quickly withdrawn. They heard the man shouting inside, and in a few moments the windows were crowded. There was considerable noise and profanity, and as this was the central barracks, it was only a matter of minutes until the performance had been repeated in the other shacks, much to the delight of the enveloping forces.

"Wot do youse birds want?" came suddenly from the middle shack, which Steel and Dubbel were guarding. Steel had been looking up to the house on the hill, and he now turned deliberately.

"W'y, wot do youse birds want?" he mimicked, screwing his face up into a remarkable imitation of his ratty questioners.

"Aw, you tink you're a pretty bright little sunbeam, don't yer? Wait till Hennessy gits his claws on ye, ye blarsted little 'ump."

"Yes, wait till he does, ye forsaken little sand-flea."

The strikers laughed and cheered, and the man at the window suddenly disappeared in an unnatural manner. "Keep yer d—d trap shut, will yez?" A bull's voice bellowed, and the men outside gasped at the utterly barbaric, crimson face that peered from the window, teeth exposed in a wide grin. "Wait till Oi've had me morning bite, b'ys, an' I'll be right wid ye."

"The top of the marnin' to ye, Jakey Goldstein, ye heathen Chinese," shouted Steel. The big man grinned appreciatively.

"Come up here where I kin set me finger on ye, ye louse, an' I'll teach ye not to call an honest Dago by a Frinch name."

"I wouldn't trust meself in yer hands, ye wholesale slaughterer of honest lice! G'wan wid ye, ye hard-crackin', hard-chewin', Hibernian, ye're overboiled."

"'T hell I am," roared Hennessy, immensely delighted; "'tis a nasty tongue fer blarney ye have, and ye make me blush wid yer flattery. Sure, lad, yer a perfect lady."

He retired from his post, having divided honors fairly evenly with the versatile Steel. In a moment, however, his face, wrinkled with anxiety came back to the window.

"Ye're not afther starvin' us, are ye?" he queried.

"Fill your bellies—you'll have little enough stomach for food later on," O'Hare bawled.

"Ah, it does take exercise to wake a mon's appetite," Hennessy said thoughtfully, "but jokin' aside—we thought ye was that kind; however, 'tis best to make sure, so as to know what to expect."

"Poke that head in, ye shameful Irishman, disownin' your country wid that white thatch," O'Hara yelled, and Hennessy "poked" it in.

At 7 o'clock sharp the reserves fed the strikers, and the cooks brought the strike-breakers their food from the cook shanty. The strikers were fed scantily, the men inside gormandized after the previous day's journey, and this may have had something to do with the result of the day's fight.

A certain time then elapsed while the men smoked and allowed their breakfasts to "settle," a period broken by wordy conflicts between the men in the windows and those on the grass. The sun was well-up when Halden was seen coming from the house.

Steel imagined that he saw also a little flicker of white at the doorway—he knew that Elsa wore a long, very white apron in the morning—and his heart leaped, and then sank proportionately. He had spent more time watching the house on the hill than he had watching the three barracks. O'Hare saw the distress on his face, and, quite naturally, mistook its origin. "His comin'll not delay things, me boy, if anything it'll likely speed them up. He's not much of a mollycoddle, is Halden, but, of course, ye know that."

"Yes, I know that."

Steel went back to his dreams. What would she think when she heard of him? What if her father were hurt—what if he were compelled to hurt him? Well, one thing was certain, Halden would not squeal, that much could be depended on. But he could not marry the daughter of the man he was fighting against! Marry! What had he to do with marrying and giving in marriage?

It was very still about Steel as Halden drew near, but the former heard from the house on the hill, the gay, weird prattle of a classic dance tune. Now, as Elsa fingered the keys lightly, it was not heard; then it sounded quite distinctly as some wild burst broke out of the magic flecks on the printed page. Elsa! The memory of the white calm, purity of her face took him far from the imminent battle—the remembrance of her was more potent than the music, which he had resisted.

"There'll be many good men dancin' to that same jig," said O'Hare. Steel heard him and the spell was broken.

Halden's first question was a typical one: "What are you scum doing on my property?" he asked.

Here we have the stage all set for the great battle of the Giants, and the editor can assure Ledger readers that it is going to be such a fight that is seldom chronicled in the history of strikes. The leaders in the impending battle royal are men of brawn, muscle and grit—no weaklings on either side—and such a scrap as they put up! Don't dare to miss it! Get next week's Ledger and finish the story.

An Explanation Is Demanded.

A MOTORIST was showing off his car to an old sea captain, whose knowledge of recent developments on terra firma is somewhat hazy.

"How fast can she travel?' he asked.

"Fifty miles an hour."

The old seadog grunted dubiously. His eye caught the steering wheel.

"Is that your wheel?' he inquired.

"Yes."

"Then where's your compass?"

"Don't use one."

"Oh, she don't work like a boat, then?"

"Quite different."

Again the captain grunted as his eye wandered over the snorting contraption, until he caught sight of an extra tire fastened on behind, when he demanded triumphantly:

"Now, if she ain't like a boat, why in the name of Davy Jones do you carry that there life preserver?"

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

House Given Away

Yes, this beautiful six-room home will be given away absolutely free. Picture it painted just the color you like—your own favorite flowers in front, and it can all be yours. All I ask you to do is to send me your name and address.

Costs Nothing to Investigate

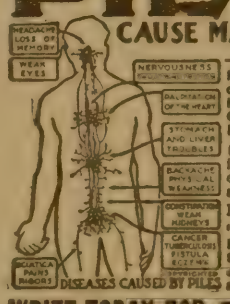
I do not ask you to send me one cent of your money. Here is your chance to get the home you have been dreaming about. I will even arrange to buy the lot for you, and you can build the home in your own town.

Just Send Your Name—A Postcard Will Do

You risk nothing—when I say free I mean it, and all I ask you to do now is to send me your name and address quick for free particulars.

C. E. MOORE, President
Home Builders Club, Dept. 69, BATAVIA, ILL.

PILES CAUSE MANY DISEASES



—Yet you will NEVER be rid of such diseases until YOUR Piles are REALLY CURED—and in a NATURAL way.

(The best proof of all this is that nothing you have ever done has given you any permanent relief.)

My proposition to all:

"I CURE every case of Piles treated by my Mild Serum-like Treatment or you need not pay me a cent.

WRITE TODAY FOR 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER FREE

DR. McCLEARY, 220 Parkview Hotel, 10th and Paseo **Kansas City, Mo.**

FREE **POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS**

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 24 large colored Pictures or 24 pkgs. Post Cards at 15c.

Order your choice. **GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 845 CHICAGO**

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To some one who answers this advertisement promptly I will give, absolutely Free, freight and war tax prepaid, a 1921 model, 5-Passenger Touring Car. A brand new car with electric self-starter and lighting system. Would you like to have it?

Solve Puzzle and Get 2,000 Free Votes

In the scenery around this car are six hidden faces. Turn the ad upside down and sideways and you will be able to find them. When you find four of the faces, mark each one with an (X) and send the puzzle to me, together with your name and address and I will send you 2,000 Free Votes toward the Automobile and enter you in my Auto Contest. This is the biggest and most liberal contest ever offered, because,

Every Active Contestant Gets a Reward

I will also give, free and without contest, Bicycles, Watches, Silverware, Rings, Shoes, Moving Picture Machines, Kites and other excellent prizes to every one who takes an active part. There is no other contest like this.

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE AUTO WINNING OUTFIT

All you need to do to get in line for the Auto and other wonderful prizes is to write me promptly, sending your answer to the puzzle and four cents in postage to cover wrapping, mailing, etc., of a complete Auto Winning Outfit, also copies of two national publications worth ten cents. YOU CAN WIN!

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OUR GUARANTEE If you can match these 3 wonderful shirts for less than $4.50, and do not think you have saved at least $2.50, return at our expense. Don't pay high retail prices. Order today sure, before it is too late. WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES TO YOUR DOOR, another big saving. All 3 shirts **$2.29.** Give neck size.

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Popular 16 size for men or 12 size for boys. Open face or hunting style case, very fine gold filled, plain polish or handsomely engraved. Fitted with a 21 Jewel movement, stamped and guaranteed.

Every Watch Guaranteed. 21 Jewels Adjusted

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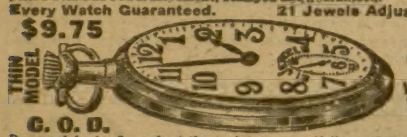

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C. O. D.

Our special price for a short time only, $9.75. Fully worth double. Send us your name and address and watch will be sent by parcel post. When you receive it pay Postman $9.75 and watch is yours. If not satisfied after ten days trial, we will gladly refund your money. A 20-year gold filled double or single vest chain or a Waldemar chain and [illegible] $2.25. Hunting case style Watch $10.75. Write today for Catalog and full information about our Special Premium Offer. DIRECT SALES CO., Dept. 3A 7732, Sanmaw Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

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DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?
Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.
COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. A, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS EARN $20 A DAY

right in your own locality. A household necessity in every country home. Sells on sight. You can easily make from $10.00 to $15.00 per day every day you work. Send your name and address for full particulars.

FIRE PROTECTION EQUIPMENT CO.,
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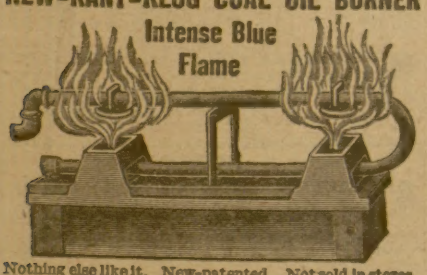
AGENTS: $10 a Day
NEW-KANT-KLOG COAL OIL BURNER



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BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an **AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST** containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Victorious Defeat

(Concluded From Page 17.)

plause. Ruth felt it was nothing more, but as it quickly died away a sudden loud and vigorous clapping from one man set them all going again.

"Oh!" thought Ruth, "there is one who understands, I will play for him!" And she came back heartened and uplifted. When she finished a man's voice cried, "Brava!" And Ruth was very happy.

After the concert Mrs. Renton came around to the entrance with a gentleman.

"Miss Lambert!" she laughed. "I had to drag this man to the concert, and now he is dragging me around here to meet you. Let me introduce Mr. Merriden."

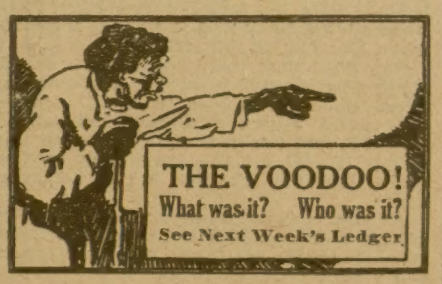
Ruth tried to cover her astonishment as adroitly as possible, and perhaps rather overdid it in dignity.

"Mr. Merriden has just been raving over your playing, and——"

"But what is more to the point," he broke in, "I want to know if you will come and see me. I want to talk business."

Ruth's good fortune gave the man she loved his opportunity, and they are considered in the profession an ideally married pair.

* * *



* * *

Checking Accounts.

"WHAT'S been doing, Betty?" inquired the rather new husband as his little blue-eyed wife came to perch on the arm of his fireside chair.

"The class in finance met today and we learned all about credit and real money," smiled the blue-eyed wife.

"Rather a large order for one lesson, I'll say," remarked the rather new husband. "Did the lecturer mention how much credit a man should take in his wife's financial reports?"

"N-no, not exactly. But he spoke of the old-fashioned husband who keeps a Yale lock on his pocketbook, while at the same time he allows wife unlimited credit at store and shop!"

"Hmm!" mused the rather new husband. "Aren't you satisfied with your charge accounts, Betty?"

"Well, it would be nice to write checks. It makes one feel like more of a person, you see, to sign one's own name to a bit of paper and make it worth something by the act. Our speaker, who is a prominent banker, said that every woman should have her own checking account!"

"He's stirring up a lot of trouble for husbands and other bankers with that suggestion."

"He told a funny story about an investigator who came to him saying he was writing a series of articles on the existing financial condition. He had read that for a certain year the United States agricultural report showed a $12,000,000 increase in production. The investigator had taken the trouble to go all over the country examining the bank deposits, and he could not find the $12,000,000. Where was it?

"The banker smiled a little and said he'd show him where some of it was. He asked the investigator what his coat was made of. "Wool!" was the answer. 'There's a part of the sheep production!' said the banker. Then he asked what he had for breakfast. 'Ham and eggs!' 'There's part of the poultry and hog production, asserted the banker. 'And what are you going to have for dinner?'. 'A fat juicy steak!' 'There's part of the cattle production.' And then he went on to tell the investigator that a country's wealth could not be estimated in actual money, but that it was largely a matter of credit!"

"You certainly catch on to these new-fangled ideas, Betty," said the rather new husband.

"Banking's almost as old an idea as husbands!" asserted the wife. "There is a record of a Babylon bank as far back as 605 B. C."

"Gracious Peter! You'll be writing a history of banking next," groaned the husband. "I guess I'll have to take you down town tomorrow and open a checking account for a wife that knows that much about finance."

"Don't worry about the history," dimpled the blue-eyed wife. "I'll be busy keeping a history of my expenditures on my check stub."

* * *

A Masterpiece.

"Has Mr. Bibbles ever done any public speaking?"

"Only the semi-public kind."

"What kind is that?"

"In the old days his 'Here's how' was more eloquent than any similar expression in the English language."

8½¢ A Yard for MUSLIN

12 YARDS FOR $1.00

Great price smashing offer to introduce our new dry goods department. Bargains in piece goods. Silk, muslins, ginghams, linens, calicos, percales, etc., at reductions which simply stagger competition. Twelve (12) yard bolt, standard quality, unbleached, cream colored sheeting, 36 in. wide, offered for a limited time only at a special cut price of 12 yards for $1.00. Only one twelve (12) yard bolt to a customer. Get your order in quick. **Order by No. 145FD4.** Just pin a $1 bill to your letter and get the twelve (12) yards. Delivered free. Money back if not satisfied.

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Send your latest Big Bargain Catalog
Name.....
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A Big Doll For You

D-L-Y D-M-L-

What is the name of this Doll? Fill in the blank spaces above and complete the Doll's name.

This is easy, try it. Write Aunt Alice and tell her what the name of this Dolly is, and she will tell you how you can get a beautiful Doll over 15 inches tall, jointed at the shoulders and hips. It is not a cloth doll to stuff, but a real doll wearing a beautiful gingham dress with a cute little cap, socks and buckled slippers. It is a Doll that any little girl would enjoy making dresses, coats and caps for, so be the first in your neighborhood to get one. It is yours for just a little easy work.

Aunt Alice has a Doll for every little girl, so be sure and write and tell her your name and address TODAY and she will send you her big free Doll offer.

Address your letters to

AUNT ALICE
31 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH FREE

Here is our New Style E. D. L. Phonograph—the latest improvement—without the horn. The lightest, most durable and compact practical phonograph ever produced. It is beautifully finished, tone arm black japanned, nickel winding crank, accurately constructed, smooth running spring motor, which plays 2 to 3 records at one winding, speed regulator, stop lever and felt-covered turn table. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm, which makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music—band pieces, talking pieces, instrumental, orchestra, vocal, etc.

Plays Any Disc Record Up to 7 in. and plays them properly. This machine is simply wonderful—not to be compared with any other of this kind. Will give you more entertainment than anything you ever owned. Strong and durable. Small and compact with no parts to get out of order.

EVERY MACHINE REGULATED AND TESTED before it leaves the factory and guaranteed in every way. A real phonograph, not a toy, yet small and light enough to be carried to camps, excursions, etc. Gives a clearness and volume of tone not surpassed by most high-priced instruments.

FREE TO YOU - SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25 cents each. Send us the $6 you collect and for your trouble we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records, free for your trouble. You can dispose of pictures and earn this great machine and the records in a few hours' time. Address

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—Send no money—simply name and address. Merely give away **FREE** 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes of our famous **White Cloverine Salve,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and **Two Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our premium catalog which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using **Cloverine** for cuts, burns, etc.

LADIES YOU CAN ALSO EARN THIS **42-Pc DINNER SET,** or **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

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TUBERCULOSIS

It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist, to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs or influenza showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis, may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

ADDILINE, - 195 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

1,000 Eggs In Every Hen

Don't Kill Your Yearling Birds
New System of Poultry Keeping.
If You Keep Chickens
CUT THIS OUT

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short," says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of Poultry Success.

The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and may be made to lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

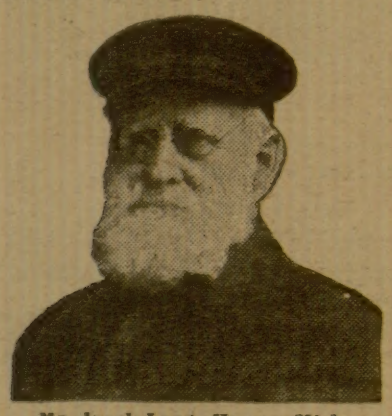
How to work to get 1000 eggs from every hen is the poultry system explained in a Bulletin issued by Mr. Trafford, one copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader who keeps six hens or more.

If you want your hens to make more money for you cut this out and send it with your name and address to Henry Trafford, Suite 632 P Tyne Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and a free copy of his 1000 EGG HEN Bulletin will be sent by return mail.

Cured His Piles

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.



Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE REMEDY

E. R. Page,
382 K Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

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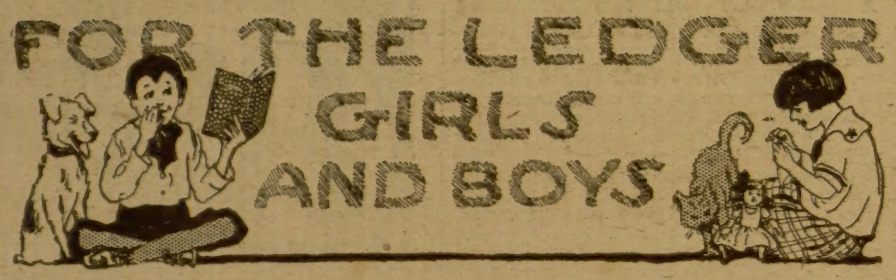


The Prince of the Ring.

THERE is an old story of a prince who was given a ring by a fairy godmother—a ring that would help him to be good and that would pinch him if he did wrong.

Once he kicked his dog and he felt the ring pinch. He was selfish and headstrong and treated his servants cruelly. Each time he did these things, the ring annoyed him. At last he pulled it off and hid it in a deep drawer.

One day, he imprisoned a beautiful girl because she said she could not love him.

The fairy godmother was tired of his wicked ways. She appeared suddenly and said, "Wicked prince, you have become base, revengeful, greedy and brutal." She changed him into a repulsive monster, making him appear as he really was at heart.

He was soon caught in a trap and suffered cruelties. Often he heard himself—the prince who had disappeared—spoken of with scorn and hatred.

At last, after many experiences, he learned self-control and was changed from monster to dog and then from dog to dove. Then the lovely girl in prison broke the spell by loving the dove, and he became a prince again.

When he returned to the palace, he hurriedly sought the ring and put it on. Never again did it leave his finger and never again did it pinch him. Thru much punishment, he had at last learned the precious lesson of self-control.

The Turtle Race.

IT WAS a rainy afternoon and Bob and Dick were as cross as two sticks. Mother covered her ears with her hands to shut out the noise of their quarreling. She wondered what she could do to drive the storm out of doors. Suddenly the door opened and big sister Nell, just home from college looked into see what all the noise in the nursery was about.

"Did you ever see two such troublesome boys?" asked mother.

"It's 'cause it's raining and we can't go out and we've nothing to do," said Bob.

"And 'cause we're tired of all our old games and don't know any new ones," added Dick.

"Well, I know just a dandy game," cried Nell. "It's called the turtle race."

"Oh, we know that one," pouted Bob, "it's about the hare and the tortoise. We read all about it in school."

"You're wrong this time," laughed Nell. "My turtle never heard of a hare, but, of course, if you don't want to hear about it——" She turned toward the door.

"But we do want to," said Dick, catching hold of her skirt and pulling her back.

"Then get me a large piece of cardboard, a pair of scissors and a piece of string," said Nell, "and I'll show you how to play."

It wasn't long before the smiles were triumphant over the frowns and two eager little boys were interestedly watching Nell draw on the cardboard two large turtles. When these were completed she cut them out and thru the middle of the heads she cut a small hole.

"Now for the string," she said, and slipped one end of each piece of string thru the hole of a turtle. "The other end of the string I shall tie to the nursery table leg, so," she explained. "And, here, Bob and you Dick, each take a hold of the other end," and she handed each a piece of string.

The boys were now kneeling on the floor before the table, and between them and the table, on the string, dangled the turtles, one for each boy. The turtles by having the string go thru the hole in their heads were in an upright position with two feet resting on the floor.

"Are you ready for the race?" asked Nell.

"We are!" cried the boys.

"Then," said Nell, moving the turtles along the string until they were against the leg of the table, "the game is to see which boy can make his turtle move along the string, without lifting its legs from the floor, to the end of the string and back to the table leg again in the shortest time."

What fun those boys had. Shouts of laughter filled the air as they wiggled the strings and the turtles wiggled forward. Then Bob jerked his string too hard and the turtle slid all the way back to the table leg, and he had to begin all over again. Finally Dick shouted for joy.

"I know how to do it. It's a trick," he cried, "Look, by keeping the turtle bent a little bit forward you prevent it from sliding back and it jiggles forward when you tug at the string."

Bob tried that way, too, and it worked surprisingly well until by accident he lifted the turtle's legs from the floor—the turtle leaned backward instead of forward, and the next time he pulled the string it slid all the way back to the table, and his troubles began all over again.

At last a shout announced that Dick's efforts had won him the race, and amid much laughter his turtle was proclaimed the victor.

The Gasoline Kids.

BOBBY'S dog was limping along on three feet.

"Look, daddy! Tige's not hitting on all his cylinders."

"Why, Teddy! How did you catch that chicken?"

"Oh, I dcs runned him and runned him till his gas give out."

Small Helen objected to having her throat sprayed. "I wouldn't mind so much if you would let me honk it in myself."

"Tommy, can you spell?"

"Sure! I can even spell words of four cylinders!"

"My goodness, Carlo!" said Tommy, after a rough-and-tumble romp. "I guess we'd better stop and let you cool off your motor."

"Look mother," wailed Ned, pointing to a hole in his stocking. "I've had a blow-out!"

Willie's Insurance.

"AUNTIE, may I have another piece of candy?"

"No, Willie, it will only make your tooth ache more."

"No, it won't. I'll just go and eat it in front of the dentist's."

Brain Teasers.

Gable.

17—1. A letter in "and."
2. A sister of charity.
3. An abbreviation of "it is not."
4. Men who manage a ship.

No. 2 has three letters, No. 3 has five and No. 4 seven. When these are written in order, one under the other, the sides of the gable will spell the name in plural of industrious little insects.

Geographical Double Acrostic.

18—Primals and finals spell the names of two famous American watering places.

1. A monumental heap of stones.
2. A girl's name.
3. A tropical American tree of the passion flower family.
4. To furnish.
5. A West Indian fruit.
6. A flower.
7. A boat.

An Operatic Ladder.

19—Two prima donnas, you well know each name,
Their beauty and talents have won world-wide fame.

RUNGS.
1. ..... 1. One of the U. S. A.
2. ..... 2. A match.
3. ..... 3. Proudly.
4. ..... 4. A mass of ice.
5. ..... 5. A fanciful idea. [place
6. ..... 6. One who assumes another's
7. ..... 7. A man's name.
8. ..... 8. A vegetable.

Insect Additions.

20—1. Add a letter to an insect and find a vegetable.
2. Add a letter to an insect and find to torture.
3. Add a letter to an insect and find to slant.
4. Add a letter to an insect and find to bestow.
5. Add a letter to an insect and find utter hopelessness.
6. Add a letter to an insect and find one more.
7. Add a letter to an insect and find any opening or orifice.
8. Add a letter to an insect and find an incorporated town or village.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

13—Anagram.

Pigs.

14—Word Square.

G I R L
I D E A
R E S T
L A T E

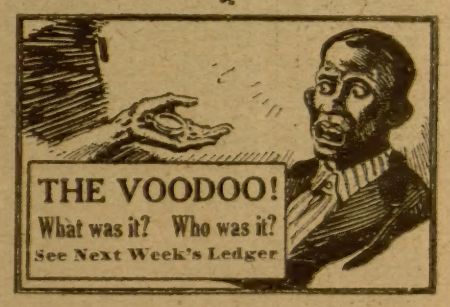
15—A Fish Ladder.

S A
A N
R—E—L—I—C
D H
I—D—A—H—O
N V
E Y

16—Masculine Name Puzzle.

1. Felix-Lie. 2. Richard-Chair. 3. Robert-Bore. 4. Arthur-Ruth. 5. Andrew-Rend. 6. Joseph-Pose. 7. Walter-Late. 8. Edward-Ward.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.



LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. The preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MOVING PICTURE PLAYS

$50 TO $100 WEEKLY WRITING MOVING picture stories. No experience necessary. We show you how to become a successful writer in a short time. Particulars free. Beverly Sales Co., Dept. 100, 1939 W. 13th St., Chicago.

EARN $50 WEEKLY SPARE TIME WRITING photoplays; experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Playwriters' Co., 1275, St. Louis, Mo.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. If you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

WRITE TODAY FOR FULL INFORMATION regarding healing power of radium and Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad. No matter what your ailment, you can buy it on trial. Radium Appliance Co., 724 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

BOOKS

CHARACTER READING SELF-TAUGHT. Prof. Willis' Wonderful Treatise, simply explaining this valuable art, 312 pages, illustrated. Complete course sent postpaid, one dollar. The Bargain Book Store, 520 S. State St., Chicago.

HER 4 BOOKS, ECSTATIC SEER EMMERich, Nativity, Egypt, Cana, for 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere, 30c. L. E. Muncy, 136 Pleasant Ave., A. Syracuse, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

MEN

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, $135 month. Vacancy list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 6, Rochester, N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

BRAND NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS: Inexperienced men making big profits regularly selling Never-Fail razor sharpeners. Hiram Purdy made $40.50 first day (sworn statement). Wingo's profits for six weeks $1,080. Third order from Stauffer, Penna., 100 machines. Applewhite, La., took six orders in thirty minutes. Exclusive territory for first comers. Hurry—write today for details. Never Fail Company, 110 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME, LARGE MANufacturer of soaps, perfumes, toilet articles and pure food products, etc., wishes representatives in each locality. Manufacturer direct to consumer. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Cash or credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 3190 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL HIGH CLASS made to measure suits. Experienced men that can prove to us their selling ability can secure all wool worsted suit $13.98; write quick if you desire to handle exceedingly low priced high grade tailoring agency. Sample line free. Central Tailors, Dept. B, 219 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

WE PAY $50 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS for Insyde Tyres, inner armor for automobile tires. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Prevents punctures and blowouts. Big demand. Low priced. Write quick for territory. American Accessories Co., B 313, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

TAILORING AGENTS WANTED; LARGEST profits made selling our guaranteed tailoring. We ship free large and complete sample outfit showing over 200 samples. Write today for new 1921 line. Jay Rose Co., Dept. A, 411 S. Wells St., Chicago.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1001 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 425 Broadway, New York.

NEW PRODUCT. SELL "NO-BURN" ALUMinum kettle bottom. Prevents food from burning. Pays for itself every day. Every housewife wants one. Big success. No competition. Sells for 35c. Big profits. Dail Steel Products Co., Dept. A, Lansing, Mich.

MEN, GET INTO THE WONDERFUL TAIloring business, big profits taking orders and your own clothes free. We furnish fine sample outfit and everything free. No experience needed. Write today. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. E 581, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

BIG PROFITS, STEADY INCOME SELLING our three wonderful cleaners—toilet soap, washing wafers and rust remover. Needed in every home; quick sales, sure repeats. Joyce made $324.00 first month. W. B. Williams, Dept. 90, Montclair, N. J.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING guaranteed reversible waterproof kitchen aprons. Seven styles. Write and learn how to obtain a sample without cost. Moss Apron Co., 985 Pilot Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

350% PROFIT. QUICK SELLER. KLEAN-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells 25c. You make 19c. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 3253-L, Belle Plaine, Chicago.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. New Method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

LARGE MILL MANUFACTURING BEAUTIful felt rugs—easy sales, large profits—new low prices; $2.25 brings large sample; satisfaction or money refunded. Wise Rug Mills, 200b Hooper Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PROPOSITION: SOMETHING NEW IN portraits. Agents wanted. Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D33, Parsons, Kan.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X-520, Springfield, Ill.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SELL NECESSITIES; EVERYBODY NEEDS and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800 in 30 days. Send for sample; it's free. Nichols Co., Naperville, Ill., Dept. 8B.

AGENTS, SIGNS FOR STORES AND OFfices. Entirely new. $50 weekly easily made. Assorted working samples 25c prepaid. Chicago Sign System C, 326 River St., Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

WAR PICTURES—LARGE 22-28 INCHES —beautiful colors, 3 for $1.00. Crescent Portrait Studio, 1340 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

"GOVERNMENT JOBS" A BOOK TELLING how to get U. S. Government positions. Send your name and address for free sample copy. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$400.00 MONTH MAKING COMMERCIAL reports. Will finance reliable man who means business. Forms and details 45 cents. Box 2428 San Francisco, California.

FREE—MUSIC, FOUNTAIN PEN, POCKET knife, Eversharp pencil, manicure set, icy hot bottle. Write for particulars. New Idea Music Co., Dept. 61, Toledo, O.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MAKE $10 TO $15 DAILY. HOME WORK. Dime gets offer. G. O. Shaver, Oil City, Louisiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN WANTED. I WANT A FEW MORE men to train as draftsmen. Experience not necessary. Draftsmen earn $150 to $300 per month and more. Big demand. Splendid opportunities. Learn quickly at home. Let me send you free lesson. No charge. Address: Charles W. Morey, Director, 2235, Chicago Tech. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. START business yourself. Earn $200 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 804, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, RAILROADS everywhere; beginners, $200, later $300. Railway Association, Desk W 8, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO ADdress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $45 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 860, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly buys 40 acres productive land. Near town. Price $200. Box 425 S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM LANDS

OWN YOUR OWN ORANGE GROVE IN Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland Park is best. We can prove it. Write for a a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 278 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

FLORIDA FARMS

OUR GREATEST AND LAST "GET-TOgether-on Florida" offer; limited to 100 buyers. Last chance on good low-priced land in Tampa suburbs. $10 monthly secures immediate possession 5-acre poultry, vegetable, fruit farm-home, in midst rich district supplying Tampa's spot-cash city markets. Only $49 per acre; limit 20 acres to one buyer. No agents' commissions, etc. Adjoining owners hold same quality land at $100 to $300 acre. Buy now; come when you can. Send $10 for immediate selection on 30 days' approval, or write quick. Tampa Bay Land Company, Suite 811, Citizens Bank, Tampa, Florida. Old, strong, reliable company.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY SPECIAL NUMBER JUST OUT, containing 1921 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Co., 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

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TEN MILLION DOLLARS ($10,000,000.00) profit produced from two wells at West Columbia, the Abrams No 1 and Hogg No. 49. We have 50 acres immediately adjoining Abrams tract and on the same ridge as Abrams No. 1. Most attractive oil investment in Texas with unimpeachable established reputation. Write for full particulars. No obligation. The West Columbia Company, 700 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

IF YOU LOST MONEY IN 1920, WHY spend your time regretting past opportunities? $10 invested now in a Texas oil lease may erase your last year's regrets. Will you take advantage of this opportunity where $10 may mean $10,000, or do you prefer having the same regrets next year? For particulars write Woods-Reese Company, 210 Flat Iron Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

OIL MAP OF TEXAS SHOWING PRODUCing fields, prospective fields, trend of development, pipe lines, counties, and much other valuable information, free for the asking. Address Geological Department, 226 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

BE THRIFTY. WORN SHIRTS EXQUISitely rebuilt. We please you. Prices reasonable. Send parcel post. Exceptionally fine new tailor made shirts. Request leaflet. Olympic Shirt Mfg. Co., Room 308, 286 Fifth Ave., Dept. P, New York.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 639 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

$10 ACRE TEN YEAR OIL LEASES, SOLD on easy payments. Prospects magnificent. Fortune over night. Bonds & Co., Investment Bankers, Desk A, San Antonio, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FOR SALE

SAVE HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS ON COAL bill by chemically treating your ashes and poorest grades of coal. Formula 50 cts. A. Osterman, Box 49, Chambersburg, Pa.

HANDIEST GENTLEMEN'S ARTICLE EVER invented, 10c. Dime back if dissatisfied. Sullivan Co., 24 Rose, Battle Creek, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA FLOWER beads. Write for folder. D. D. Green, Dept. 4, Leslie, Mich.

SIMPLEX TYPEWRITERS; GUARANTEED; 2 sizes; $2.50 and $4.25 prepaid. Smith's Company, B6735 Elizabeth St., Chicago.

GOOD TYPEWRITER FOR SALE. A REAL bargain. Trial and payments. Josephine Yotz, Shawnee, Kansas.

PERSONAL

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemfcal Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 37 Berry Block Nashville, Tenn.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References: Commercial State Bank.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinzo Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN TRY NRG TABLETS. THEY REkindle anew the fast dying fires; give strength and stamina. Absolutely guaranteed. You can't lose. Full month's treatment $2.00. Particulars free. Conover Sales Co., Distributors, 710 West 46th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

REMEDY. BED WETTING — BLADDER trouble. Use dependable harmless remedy. Get the benefit of our 20 years' experience, a package of Pen-Ine, and advice free. Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY — WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE—BEAUTIFUL women—wealthy men—desiring marriage—confidential. Southern Agency, Montgomery, Ala., 112 Wilkinson St.

BOYS! GIRLS! HAVE FRIENDS EVERYwhere. Receive cards and letters. Membership 25c. De Luxe Correspondence Agency, Winston-Salem, N. C.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

JOIN A HIGH CLASS CATHOLIC MATRImonial circle. For practical Catholics only. Send 10c for circular to The C. L. C., Mt. Angel, Ore.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Kansas Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published, mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 215, Blairsville, Pa.

LONESOME? WRITE CHICAGO FRIENDship Club, Box 749, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PARticulars free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

YOUNG WIDOW WITH $20,000 WANTS husband. O-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THOUSANDS; WORTH $5,000 TO $100,000; anxious for marriage; list free. Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

BUSINESS MAN, 45, WORTH $50,000, wants wife. D-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

GENTLEMAN, 44, WORTH $75,000, WOULD marry. Q-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

LADY, 27, WITH MONEY, WILL MARRY. M-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD MARRY. Write for picture. Box 154B, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Dept. 22 Pittsburgh, Pa.

You Can Make $300 in 30 Days During your spare Time

If you want to add $10 a day to your income, this is your opportunity. I will pay you $300 a month for taking a few orders each day for Comer raincoats. Experience is not necessary. No capital is needed. My splendid new line of models and fabrics is now ready. Thousands of people in all parts of the United States are ready to buy. And I offer to pay you from $50 to $100 a week for a little of your spare time.

$100 a Week is McCrary's Record

Last year I paid McCrary a net profit of $5,218. He often makes from $20 to $40 in a single day, and he only works a few hours each day. And you can make just as much or more than he does. Your income can be bigger than a banker's, lawyer's, merchant's or doctor's. Millions of dollars are going to be spent within the next few months for raincoats. Thousands of orders are waiting for someone to come and get them. I want you to help in getting these orders.

Think what an opportunity this is. George Garon of Massachusetts just wrote: "Yesterday morning I started on a new job, and in the evening I found I had made about $40 commission. I think that's a pretty good start."

You don't have to be a smooth-tongued salesman. Comer raincoats are all high-grade and wonderfully attractive in style and fabric. The prices are so exceedingly low that they sell on sight. Every man, woman and child needs a raincoat.

We also give our representatives the agency for our waterproof aprons and raincapes. On every call there is the opportunity to make from $2.00 to $20.00 net profit for yourself. If you take only three average orders a day during your spare time you will make $2,500 a year. Many of our agents make twice that much.

$2,005 CASH
FOR SIX MONTHS PART TIME.
That's the record of C. E. Ray of New York. He only devoted his spare time to this work and he added $13 a day to his income. You can do as well. Write at once for my offer.

$1,060 CASH
FOR THREE MONTHS SPARE TIME
A few hours now and then devoted to this proposition gave Carl Rowe a net profit in three months of over a thousand dollars. I offer you the same proposition.

I Tell You Where to Go, What to Say and How to Make Money

We manufacture our own coats. The Comer Manufacturing Company is the largest business of its kind in the world. We stand back of our agents. We help you. We show you exactly what to do in order to make big profits for yourself. We furnish everything and we finance you. That is why A. McDonough of Washington made $1,509 in three months and Barnes cleared $523 in thirty days.

Full Equipment Free to You

I give all of my friends a beautiful raincoat so they can show their customers the fine workmanship, wonderful style and great values. I will give you your choice of the coat you want to wear, and I will also furnish you with dozens of samples of materials used in these coats and everything you need to start this prosperous and profitable business.

If A. N. Weckerly of Ohio made $74 in four days' spare time, and Cooper averages $4,000 a year, think what an opportunity this presents to you.

I Offer Thousands of Dollars in Cash

Mail the coupon, and I will tell you how you can earn big cash prizes in addition to your regular commissions and income. The Comer plan makes it possible and easy for you to make an extra hundred dollars the second month you work for me. It doesn't cost you a cent to get started, so act now.

I want you to understand that a Comer agent makes real profit. You get the cash, and you get it right away. There is no waiting, no delay, no delivering and no collecting. If you have confidence in yourself there is no limit to what you can make.

NOW—GET STARTED!

Don't send any money. I want you to simply mail the coupon and I will send you all the details of this wonderful proposition. It is actually worth thousands of dollars to you. People are buying raincoats by the thousand. There is no chance of failure. Hundreds are successful, and you can be just as successful as any of them. Just write your name and address on this coupon with a pen or pencil, tear it off and mail at once. Act right now.

THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. B-182, Davton, Ohio.

MAIL THIS COUPON

The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. B-182, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me how without investing any money I can become your agent and make from $50 to $100 a week. Also send me, without charge, your offer of a free raincoat for myself.

Name.... .....

Address.....

P. O.....State.....